

THE GRAPHIC

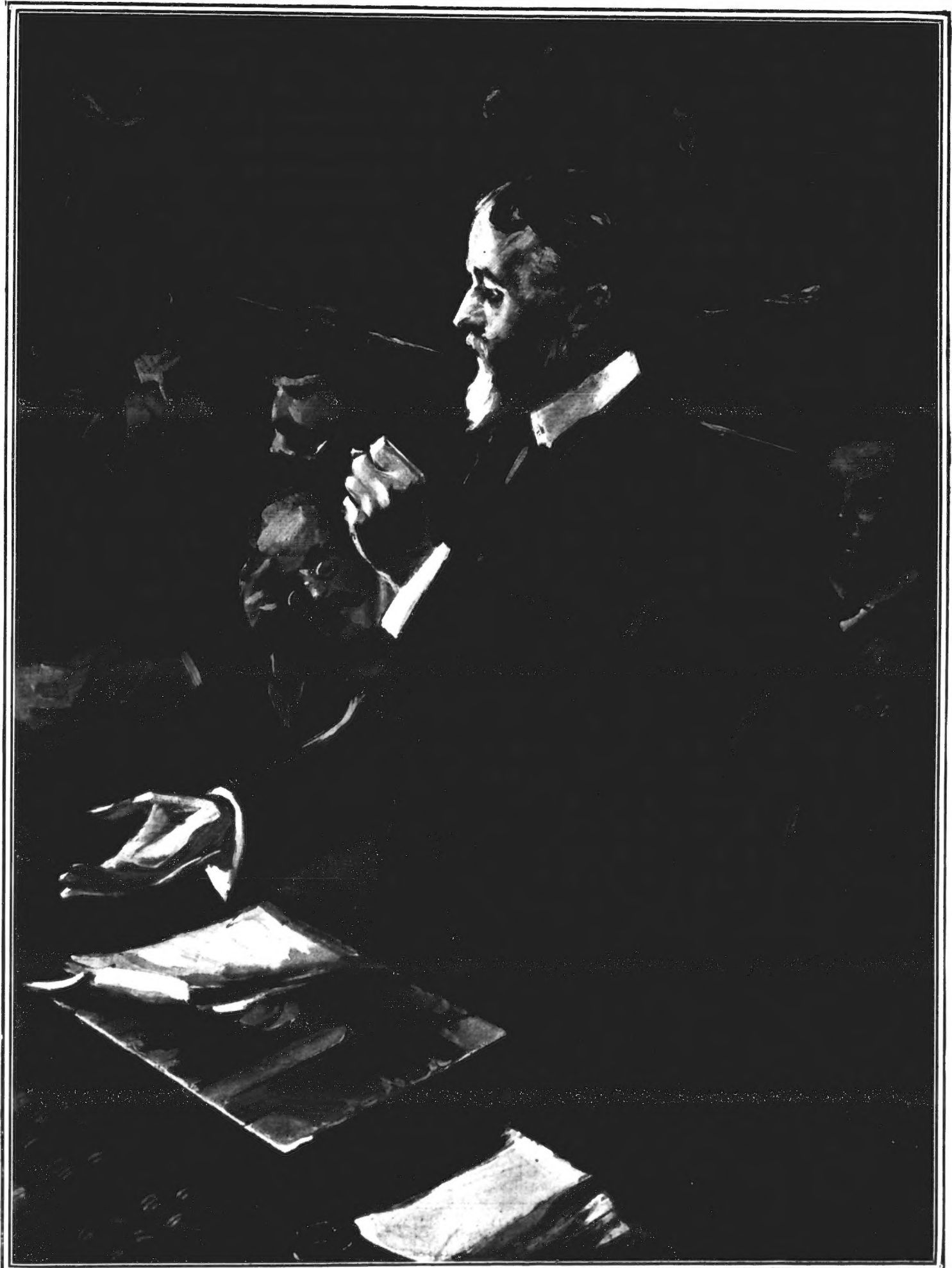
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1902

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT
"The Return from the Chase"

PRICE NINEPENCE
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"I may be asked, 'Have you no hopes of a happy result of these conferences?' Sir, I have hopes, but I cannot allow myself to be influenced by such hopes on such an occasion as this. I must put them aside, and I would ask the House to put them aside also, and I will say why. There is great truth in the old maxim, 'If you want peace, prepare for war,' and those of us who are most anxious for peace, and no one is more anxious for it than the Chancellor of the Exchequer—I

think, perhaps, may see most clearly that nothing is more likely to conduce to peace at such a crisis as that at which we now stand, as a proof by the House of Commons of a firm and determined attitude on the part of this country and of our determination, if our hopes should unhappily not be realised, that at any cost the war shall be carried through."

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH MAKING HIS BUDGET SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL, J.V.O.

Topics of the Week

The Revolution-ary Peril

THE serious disturbances and political strikes in Belgium, coming so soon after the violent labour manifestations at Barcelona, Trieste, and in Italy, afford an ugly sign of the spirit that is abroad among the Socialist proletariat on the Continent. Some years ago it was possible for an optimistic politician to say that the age of Revolutions, like the age of chivalry, was dead. The democratic victories of 1848 and the improved material condition of the working classes were thought to have finally brought all political struggles within the ring-fence of constitutionalism. That this was a delusion was apparent to every student of political affairs who looked ever so slightly below the surface of contemporary social life. We have no longer the intolerable abuses of power which drove people to the barricades half a century ago, but there are conflicts of classes which are as hopeless as they were then, and the spirit on each side is as violent and as unbending as ever. The mischief is that, with all its boasted constitutionalism, the political life on the Continent is full of shams, while the working classes, impregnated with collectivist teaching, have become more and more resolved not merely to abolish these shams but to upset the very structure of society. The struggle in Belgium is by no means a local phenomenon. It is a symptom of conflict and of methods which in other countries of Europe is only at a different stage of development. The gerrymandering constitutional machinery, against which the Belgian working man has now, for the third time, protested with arms in his hands, exists in a scarcely less aggravated form in Germany and Austria, while in Spain, Italy, and even France the manipulating influence exercised by the Governments of the day over the General Elections is only in a minor degree a source of popular unrest. Universal suffrage, which is so doctored that it keeps power permanently in the hands of a reactionary minority, is just as bad, and infinitely more tantalising than a rigidly restricted franchise. It becomes unbearable when the masses, who are excluded from all political influence, have not only legitimate grievances which call for redress, but have a reasoned scheme of political and social reorganisation which is inexorably condemned to impotence. The danger of outbursts like those which have been witnessed in Belgium is that they serve as experiments and examples which the similarly situated democracies of other countries will take to heart and will act upon when the occasions offer. They help to intensify the general spirit of proletarian discontent and to fashion the methods of effective action. So far active violence in the streets has failed to accomplish its full purpose, and the passive resistance of the General Strike has not proved a conspicuous success; but each attempt in these directions is so much experience gained, and this experience helps to strengthen an immense revolutionary element which is steadily growing all over the Continent. The only effectual method of dealing with the danger is that which has obtained in England since the passage of the first Reform Bill. Timely concessions and an elastic constitutional machinery which gives free play to all parties in the State is the only real antidote to Revolution.

The Budget

THE most important feature of the Budget proposals which Sir M. Hicks-Beach laid before the House of Commons on Monday is the imposition of a tax on corn. It is more than forty years since the last remnant of the old corn duties was abolished, and the re-imposition of the tax is certain to excite a great deal of criticism from the Opposition, who will enlarge upon this point on scores of political platforms throughout the country, and will distinctly help to bring the much-divided Radicals together again in unison. The other features of the Budget are less open to criticism. The Income Tax has been raised another penny, and though we none of us like paying an increased tax, it is important to remember that the tax is still only 1s. 3d. as compared with 1s. 4d. in the Crimean War. The tax on cheques will, of course, cause some irritation, but it is after all a tax which can be to some extent avoided, and doubtless will be by those persons who think 2d. is too much to pay for the convenience of drawing a cheque. These are the only new taxes, and they bring in altogether only an addition of 5,100,000l. to the revenue. The addition does not go far towards meeting the enormous deficit created by the war expenditure and the probability of further expenditure for the re-settlement of the country. It will be necessary again to borrow, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to raise a loan of 32,000,000l. It is worth while to add that the war in South Africa, together with operations in China, has already cost more than 165,000,000l., of which

roughly 120,000,000 has been met out of loan, and the balance out of revenue, including the revenue rendered available by the suspension of the Sinking Fund.

Our Work in Egypt

BEARING in mind that only twenty years have passed since England, alone and unaided, undertook to save the land of the Pharaohs from anarchy and ruin, he must be a degenerate Briton who does not feel proud of the splendid amount of accomplishment recorded by Lord Cromer. The foundations on which the well-being and material prosperity of any civilised community must rest are not only firmly laid, but are largely built on already. Irrigation works of an exceedingly costly character are either completed or in course of completion. Railways and good roads provide facilities for locomotion and transport, which greatly conduce to the benefit of the fellahen. Both slavery and the *corvée* are extinct; law and order reign supreme; the Kourbash has vanished; a thoroughly efficient replaces a thoroughly inefficient army; new prisons, reformatories, schools, and hospitals dot the whole country; while so great is the national prosperity that the revenue, in spite of frequent remissions of taxation, invariably exceeds expenditure. It is a wonderful picture. But we English take it all as a matter of course; the change was bound to come when once we took the task in hand. That is the genuine Imperial spirit—the sense that no task is too arduous for accomplishment, provided the endeavour be single-minded, sincere, patient and courageous. As it has been in Northern Africa so it will be in Southern Africa. The same sort of labour has to be done there as confronted us in Egypt two decades back, but, happily, there is no international financial control to delay Lord Milner's success like that which Lord Cromer has had to struggle against.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

"RETIREMENT" and "reconstruction" are two words which are being continually repeated at every dinner-party, in every drawing room, and at every club in the West End. With the close of the war and the Coronation will undoubtedly end the career of Lord Salisbury. And after that? There are three leaders on the Unionist side—the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain: which of them will be called upon to form a Ministry? The most generally accepted forecast is the one which assumes that Mr. Balfour will become Premier and take a peerage, and that Mr. Chamberlain will succeed him as Leader of the House of Commons. Whatever the changes may be, it is inevitable that change is imminent.

Lord Salisbury has not made his name so familiar with the "masses" as were those of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, but his reputation amongst statesmen and diplomatists throughout the world is exceptionally great. His cool judgment, his vast knowledge of current foreign affairs and his temperate treatment of even the most embittered situations, has saved the nations on more than one occasion, when resort to arms seemed inevitable. It is no exaggeration to describe him as the most powerful Foreign Minister Europe has had since the death of Prince Bismarck. "Civilisation is compromise," it has been said, and Lord Salisbury has always borne this phrase in mind when dealing with disputes with any of the Great Powers. As an orator, though Lord Salisbury has his faults, he is an admirable debater, a most polished speaker, and one of the last of the school in England—who give life to a stinging phrase.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has enormously increased his hold on the Unionist Party during the last three years. It is undoubtedly the fact that before then the Tory Members of the Party would have objected to the appointment of Mr. Chamberlain as Leader of the House. His appointment now would be acceptable to most of them. Mr. Arthur Balfour is very popular; he has great charm of manner, and much taste, but he is not the "strong man" who delights the House by unhesitatingly attacking the enemy at the least provocation. Besides, the influence of the two outside the House is not to be compared: Mr. Chamberlain is a popular hero who can rally round him a host of followers, whose name is a force.

At a political dinner-party—political in that several of the leading men on both sides were present—it was asked whether the King would exercise more influence on current events than did the late Queen, and, after a little discussion, it was generally admitted that His Majesty would. King Edward has known intimately and for years most of the politicians who are to the front in England at this moment, and they are brought far more frequently into contact with him than they had opportunities of speaking with Queen Victoria. His influence with foreign Sovereigns cannot be, for obvious reasons, so great as was that of her late Majesty, but he is far better able to communicate his views to and impress them, within constitutional bounds, on politicians of all shades at home.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"
are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom 4d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 4d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"SPRING'S delights are now returning. Let us order new great-coats. Never let us dream of spurning Woollen wraps around our throats. Let us see the couch nocturnal snugly swathed in eider-down. Let not thoughts of weather vernal tempt us to go out of town!" Thus sang a person with whom I am well acquainted, and although I can scarcely account him a great poet, he certainly tells the truth. As a rule, poets are first-class romancers, and, taking them as a body, they have probably told more lies about spring than anything else. The lines above quoted—unless there is a sudden change to genial weather before this column is in print—picture, most accurately, spring as we are now enduring it. We are now in the middle of April, and yet there is no sign of the traditional spring. Possibly, we shall have no vernal weather whatever, but pass at a bound from the grey misery of winter to the golden glory of summer. Anyway, at present we are immersed in all the horrors of the former. Notwithstanding the fact that the days are perceptibly lengthening and one can see to write, without artificial light, after six p.m., we still suffer from every hilernal disadvantage. We clothe ourselves in the warmest garments, the thickest of great-coats, and the most ponderous of mufflers; we are pierced by the east wind; we are chilled by sleet-showers; we shiver like unto the aspen-tree, and our teeth chatter like castanets. Yah! I have no patience with spring nor the poets who have sung in its glory. Let me bang the glowing logs into a blaze; let me stir the red ly coals into a roar; let me sit with my feet well inside the fender, and endeavour to change the subject.

In this age of everlasting improvement and constant change even the most conservative of institutions are threatened. Next to the maritime bathing machine, I look upon the London water-cart as the most old-fashioned and unprogressive vehicle in England. Alas and alas! I fear its days are numbered. Notwithstanding its old fashion and its absolutely Chinese persistence in declining to move with the times, I have always regarded it with considerable affection. In the days of my childhood I made its driver a hero, and looked forward to occupying his post, when I grew up, as the height of my ambition. It appeared to me that water-cart-driving was a nice cool summer occupation, which might be pleasantly varied with a little light practical joking. I thought how pleasant it would be to drive slowly along the streets without my coat, and when I saw people I didn't like, to creep close to the kerb and suddenly deliver a shower over their boots, and then pass on without looking round, as if I were only doing my duty conscientiously. And when the weather became very tropical, I bethought me, I would turn up a by-street and organise a special shower-bath for myself and companions. With sorrow have I seen alterations and improvements by degrees creep into the water-cart of my youth. It has gradually become brisk and businesslike. It is no longer lazy and dreamy. And I was shocked the other day to see a motor water-cart, which passed rapidly along the King's highway, snorted as it sprinkled the thoroughfare, and tried to be fussy and important. I have no longer any ambition to be the driver of a water-cart.

"Why did I not go?" said an irate gentleman who had been asked to a gigantic dinner-party. "Why? Because I am not a sheep and so don't care to dine with a flock. Because I can't talk to twenty people at once, because sharp elbows jogged into my ribs do not add to my enjoyment, and because I can dine at a *table d'hôte* any day I choose to pay for it!" Now all this was very inconsiderate and rude, but I must admit there is a considerable amount of truth underlying these violent observations. A big dinner-party is always a mistake unless it consists of a lot of people you must ask, or of a number of guests you want to clear off. Then, perhaps, it does not much matter. But otherwise, four is the best number at a square table, or eight at an oval table. In both these cases the guests should be selected as carefully as the *menu*. But, after all, there is no reason whatever against the giving of large dinner-parties if the guests were divided into tables of four. In order to have variety I should make the guests change places at every course. There is plenty of scope for novelty in the re-arrangement of such festivities. But the main thing is first of all to abolish the horrible *table d'hôte* arrangement in which you only get a distant view of your host and hostess, and where you are placed between two hopelessly uninteresting people, with a person you loathe sitting exactly opposite to you.

The Musical Copyright Association is doing good work in taking severe measures against the music-pirates, and it is to be hoped the Institute of Journalists will be equally successful in their crusade against the pirates of literature. The general public have no idea to what extent authors and journalists have to suffer from the last-named class of depredators. I recollect at one time I wrote an art column every week in a popular daily paper, and by reason of a large acquaintance among artists and special facilities, I was able to give exclusive information. The best of these paragraphs were culled and printed verbatim in a monthly publication—not only without acknowledgment, but with somebody else's initials appended to them. This was very much like adding insult to injury. It is to be hoped the Institute will give their attention to another class of person who victimises the long-suffering author, namely, the readers and reciters. They will, not infrequently, skim the cream of a popular book, embody it in their "readings," and make a lot of money out of the proceeding. Not only do they fail to pay the author any royalty, but they generally annex his property without asking his permission. I have a strong idea that this proceeding is altogether illegal. At any rate, it might be made so if the author of a new book were to treat his work as a play—give a performance thereof by several persons at a theatre, and admit the public by payment.



The eighth annual point-to-point steeplechase meeting, promoted by the Pegasus Club, was held last Saturday in the neighbourhood of Harefield, some three miles from Uxbridge. Mr. Justice Grantham was judge; Mr. A. W. Perkin, starter; Mr. R. E. Morris and Mr. H. W. Maclure, clerks of the scale; whilst the duties of the clerks of the course were performed by Mr. J. G. Witt, K.C., Mr. J. W. Barnes, and Mr. W. H. Leese. The first race, heavy weight over 13st. 7lb. for horses of all ages which had not won under National Hunt rules attracted five starters. Leicester, owned and ridden by Mr. H. G. Farrant, of the Oxford Circuit, was favourite and, getting away well, he led most of the way, and coming into the winning field with a good lead eventually won fairly easily by a length from Mr. Rupert Gwynne's Shamus and Mr. Meyrick J. L. Beebe's Knock Out, all

the placed horses being ridden by their owners. The light-weight race came next and the three following were placed in the order named:—Mr. Rupert Gwynne's Pandeen, Mr. C. W. Pennant's Yardley Chase, and Mr. H. Terrell's Gaylad, all being ridden by their owners. The last event on the card was the Inns of Court Open Race, for horses of all ages, the property of any member of any of the Inns of Court, or of his parents, or of any member of the Scottish or Irish Bar. There were five starters, and after a very fine race between Mr. R. Verburgh's Pearl and Mr. W. F. Phillpott's Cromaboo, the former, ridden by Mr. R. Reeves, beat the latter by three-quarters of a length, and Mr. Arnold Statham's Crown Prince was third.

THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASE MEETING: CLEARING THE LAST FENCE IN THE HEAVY-WEIGHT RACE

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENES

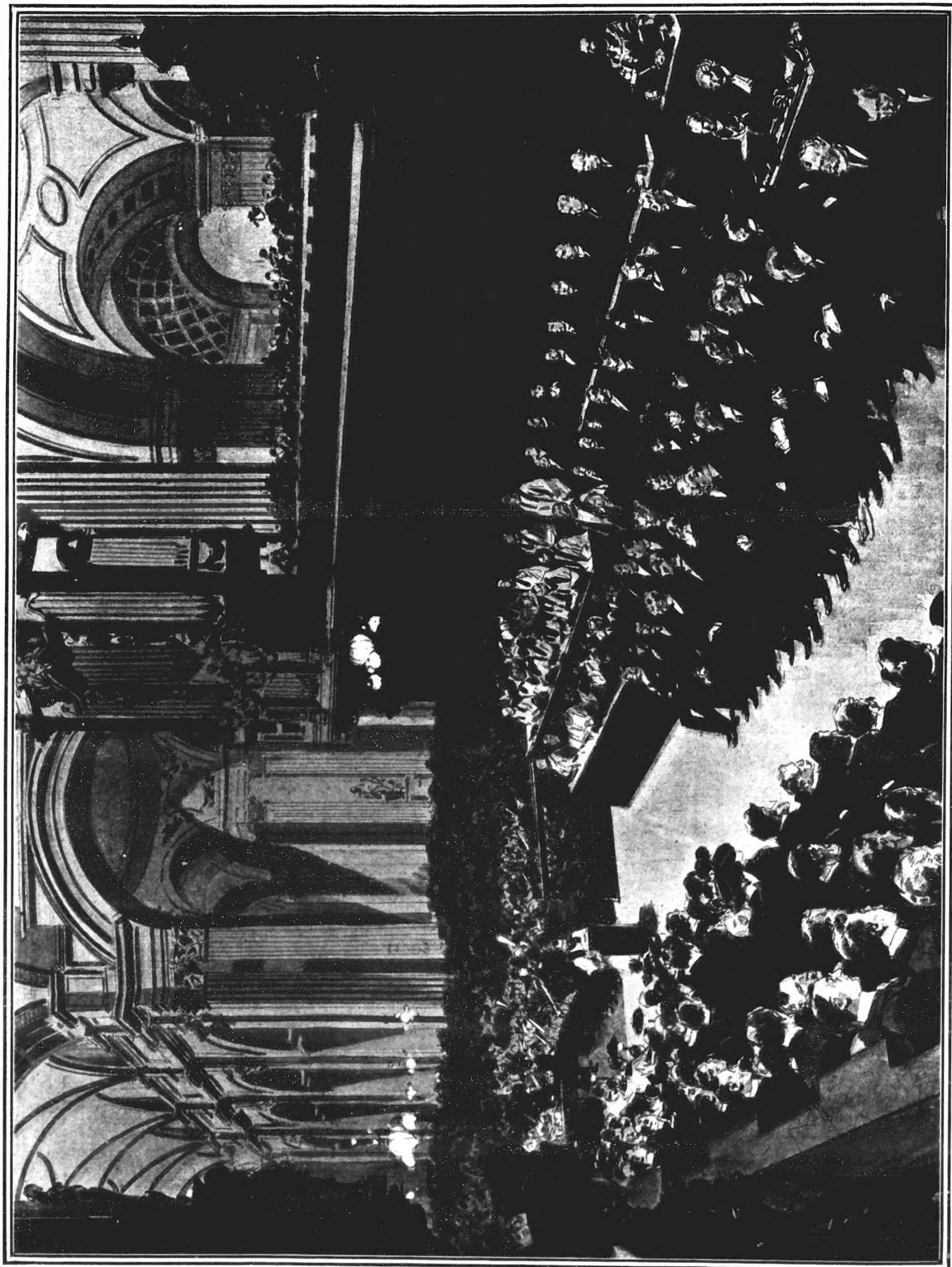
The political situation in Belgium has become lately so serious that the King of the Belgians has been forced to curtail his stay at Biarritz and return to the capital. The demonstrators in favour of universal suffrage have come into violent collision with the police and gendarmes on

several occasions. One of the most serious of these occurred late at night in the Avenue Louise. The rioters found themselves between two fires, the Civic Guard and gendarmes harring one end of the avenue and the police the other. Both police and gendarmes charged

the mob, the police using their revolvers and swords and the gendarmes their bayonets. Finally the demonstrators were forced to take flight in all directions

FROM A SKETCH BY H. MEINER

THE RIOTS IN BRUSSELS: A FIGHT IN THE AVENUE LOUISE



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENE

On the same day and at about the same hour that the funeral of Mr. Cecil Rhodes took place in the Maropopo Hills, Rhodesia, a memorial service was simultaneously held in St. Paul's Cathedral, the nave of which was occupied by an enormous assemblage, while many thousands who came to attend were unable to obtain admission. Among those present were representatives of the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales. Mr. La Mont, Mr. Chamberlain,

Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Brodrick, Lord G. Hamilton, Lord Balfour, Lord James of Hereford, Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Hanbury, Mr. George Wyndham, Lord Roberts, the Duke of Ede, Abercorn, and Tuck, the Marquis of Winchester, Lord Grey, the United States Ambassador, and other members and representatives of the Diplomatic Body, with many members of the House of Commons, also the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City. The scene in the

Cathedral was most impressive. On either side of the approach to the Chancel were the band of the Coldstream Guards, with whom were a few men from the Grenadier Band. The service was choral and the officiating clergy were the Dean and Minor Canon Bosley.

THE BURIAL OF MR. RHODES: THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S



"Wanda made no answer. She was still waiting for the news that he had to tell her. The logs on the fire fell about with a crackle, and Deulin rose to put them in order"

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued)

CARTONER made no answer. He sat looking at the design, thinking, perhaps, with wonder of the man who in this notoriety-loving age was still content to be known only by a mark.

"Up to the present I have not attached much importance to those rumours which, happily, have never reached the newspaper," said Deulin, after a pause. "One has supposed that, as usual, Poland is ready for an upheaval. But the upheaval does not come. That has been the status quo for many years here. Suppose—suppose, my friend, that they manufacture their own opportunity, or agree with some other body of malcontents as to the creating of an opportunity."

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"Anarchy?" inquired Cartoner.

"The ladies of the party call it Nihilism," replied the Frenchman, with an imitable gesture, conveying the fact that he was not the man to gainsay a lady.

"Bukaty would not stoop to that. Remember, they are a patient people. They waited thirty years."

"And struck too hastily after all," commented Deulin. "Bukaty would not link himself with these others, who talk so much and do so little. But there are others besides Bukaty, who are younger, and can afford to wait longer, and are therefore less patient—men of a more modern stamp, without his educational advantages, who are nevertheless sincere enough in their way. It may not be a gentlemanly way—"

"The man who goes by the name of Kosmaroff is a gentleman, according to his lights," interrupted Cartoner.

"Ah! since you say so," returned Deulin, with a significant gesture, "yes."

"Bon sang," said Cartoner, and did not trouble to complete the saying. "He is too much of a gentleman to herd with the extremists."

But Deulin did not seem to be listening. He was following his own train of thought.

"So you know of Kosmaroff?" he said, studying his companion's face. "You know that, too. What a lot you know behind that dull physiognomy. Where is Kosmaroff? Perhaps you know that."

"In Warsaw," guessed Cartoner.

"Wrong. He has gone towards Berlin—towards London, by the same token."

Deulin leant across the table and tapped the symbol that he had drawn on the margin of the newspaper, daintily, with his finger-nail.

"That parishioner is in London, too," he said in his own tongue—and the word means more in French.

Cartoner slowly tore the margin from the newspaper and

reduced the drawing to small pieces. Then he glanced at the clock.

"Trying to get me out of Warsaw," he said. "Giving me a graceful chance of showing the white feather."

Deulin smiled. He had seen the glance, and he was quicker than most at guessing that which might be passing in another man's mind. The force of habit is so strong that few even think of a train without noting the time of day at the same moment. If Cartoner was thinking of a train at that instant it could only be the train to Berlin on the heels of Kosmaroff, and Deulin desired to get Cartoner away from Warsaw.

"The white feather," he said, "is an emblem that neither you nor I need trouble our minds about. Don't get narrow-minded, Cartoner. It is a national fault, remember. For an Englishman, you used to be singularly independent of the opinion of the man in the street or the woman at the tea-table. Afraid! What does it matter who thinks we are afraid?"

And he gave a sudden staccato laugh which had a subtle ring in it of envy, or of that heaviness which is of a life that is waxing old.

"Look here," he said, after a pause, and he made a little diagram on the table, "here is a bonfire, all dry and crackling—here, in Warsaw. Here—in Berlin or in London—is the man with the match that will set it alight. You and I have happened on a great event, and stand in the shadow that it casts before it, for the second—no, for the third time in our lives. We work together again, I suppose. We have always done so when it was possible. One must watch the dry wood, the other must know the movements of the man with the kindling. Take your choice, since your humour is so odd. You stay or you go—but remember that it is in the interests of others that you go."

"Of others?"

"Yes—of the Bukatys. Your presence here is a danger to them. Now go or stay, as you like."

Cartoner glanced at his companion with watchful eyes. He was not deliberating; for he had made up his mind long ago, and was now weighing that decision.

"I will go," he said, at length. And Deulin leant back in his chair with a half-suppressed yawn of indifference. It was, as Cartoner had observed, when he was most idle that this gentleman had important business in hand. He had a gay, light, easy touch on life, and, it is to be supposed, never set much store upon the gain of an object. It seemed that he must have played the game in earnest at one time, must have thrown down his stake and lost it, or won it perhaps, and then had no use for his gain, which is a bitter end than loss can ever be.

"I daresay you are right," he said. "And, at all events, you will see the last of this sad city."

Then he changed the subject easily, and began to talk of some trivial matter. From one question to another he passed, with that air of superficiality which Northern men can never hope to understand, and here and there he touched upon those grave events which wise men foresaw at this period in European history.

"I smell," he said, "something in the atmosphere. Strangers passing in the street look at one with a questioning air, as if there were a secret which one might perhaps be party to. And I, who have no secrets."

He spread out his hands, with a gay laugh.

"Because," he added, with a sudden gravity, "there is nothing in life worth making a secret of—except one's income. There are many reasons why mine remains unconfessed. But, my friend, if anything should happen—anything—anywhere—we keep each other advised. Is it not so?"

"Usual cypher," answered Cartoner.

"My salutations to Lady Orlay," said Deulin, with a reflective nod. "That woman who can keep a secret."

"I thought you had none."

"She knows the secret—of my income," answered the Frenchman. "Tell her—no! Do not tell her anything. But go and see her. When will you leave?"

"To-night."

"And until then? Come and lunch with me at the Russian Club. No! Well, do as you like. I will say good-bye now. Heavens! how many times have we met and said good-bye again in hotels and railway stations and hired rooms. We have no abiding city and no friends. We are sons of Ishmael, and have none to care when we furl our tents and steal away."

He paused, and looked round the bare room, in which there was nothing but the hired furniture.

"The police will be in here five minutes after you are out," he said, curtly. "You have no message—" He paused to pick up from the floor a petal of his flower that had fallen. Then he walked to the window and looked out. Standing there, with his back to Cartoner, he went on: "No message to anyone in Warsaw?"

"No," answered Cartoner.

"No—you wouldn't have one. You are not that sort of man. Gad! you are hard, Cartoner—hard as nails."

Cartoner did not answer. He was already putting together his possessions—already furling his solitary tent. It was only natural that he was loth to go; for he was turning his back on danger, and few men worthy of the name do that with alacrity, whatever their nationality may be; for gameness is not solely a British virtue, as is supposed in English public schools.

Suddenly Deulin turned round and shook hands.

"Don't know when we shall next meet. Take care of yourself. Good-bye."

And he went towards the door. But he paused on the threshold.

"The matter of the 'white feather' you may leave to me. You may leave others to me, too, as far as that goes. The sons of Ishmael must stand together."

And, with an airy wave of the hand and his rather hollow laugh, he was gone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CŒUR VOLANT

IN that great plain which is known to geographers as the Central European Depression the changes of the weather are very deliberate. If rain is coming, the cautious receive full warning of its approach. The clouds gather slowly, and disperse without haste when their work is done. For some days it had been looking like rain. The leaves on the trees of the Saski Gardens were hanging limp and lifeless. The whole world was dusty and expectant. Cartoner left Warsaw in a deluge of rain. It had come at last.

In the afternoon Deulin went to call at the Bukaty Palace. He was ushered into the great drawing-room, and there left to his own devices. He did an unusual thing. He fell into a train of thought so absorbing that he did not hear the door open or the soft sound of Wanda's dress as she entered the room. Her gay laugh brought him down to the present with a sort of shock.

"You were dreaming," she said. "Heaven forbid!" he answered, fervently. "Dreams and white hairs—No, I was listening to the rain."

He turned, and looked at her with a sudden defiance in his eyes, as if daring her to doubt him.

"I was listening to the rain. The summer is gone, Wanda—it is gone."

He drew forward a chair for her, and glanced over his shoulder towards the large folding doors, through which the conservatory was visible in the fading light. The rain drummed on the glass roof with a hopeless, slow persistency.

"Can you not shut that door?" he said. "Bon Dieu! what a suicidal note that strikes—that hopeless rain—a northern autumn evening! There was a chill in the air as I drove down the Faubourg. If I were a woman I should have tea, or a cry. Being a man, I curse the weather and drive in a hired carriage to the pleasantest place in Warsaw."

Without waiting for further permission, he went and closed the large doors, shutting out the sound of the rain and the sight of the streaming glass, with sodden leaves stuck here and there upon it. Wanda watched him with a tolerant smile. Her daily life was lived among men; and she knew that it is not only women who have unaccountable humours, a sudden anger or a quick and passing access of tenderness. There was a shadow of uneasiness in her eyes. He had come to tell her something. She knew that. She remembered that when this diplomatist looked most idle he was in reality about his business.

"There," he said, throwing himself back in an easy chair, and looking at her with smiling lips, and eyes deeply, tragically intelligent. "That is more comfortable. Can you tell me nothing that will amuse me? Do you not see that my sins sit heavily on me this evening?"

"I do not know if it will amuse you," answered Wanda, in her energetic way, as if taking him at his word and seeking to rouse him, "but Mr. Mangles and Miss Cahere are coming to tea this evening."

Deulin made a grimace and glanced at the clock. If he had anything to say, he seemed to be thinking, he must say it quickly. Wanda was, perhaps, thinking the same.

"Separately they are amusing enough," he said, slowly, "but they do not mingle. I have an immense respect for Joseph P. Mangles."

"So has my father," put in Wanda, rather significantly. "Ah! that is why you asked them. Your father knows that in a young country events move by jerks—that the man who is nobody to-day may be somebody to-morrow. The mammon of unrighteousness, Wanda."

"Yes."

"And you are above that sort of thing."

"I am not above anything that they deem necessary for the good of Poland," she answered gravely. "They give everything. I have not much to give, you see."

"I suppose you have what every woman has—to sacrifice upon some altar or another—your happiness!"

Wanda shrugged her shoulders and said nothing. She glanced across at him. He knew something. But he had learnt nothing from Cartoner. Of that, at least, she was sure.

"Happiness, or a hope of happiness," he went on, reflectively. "Perhaps one is as valuable as the other. Perhaps they are the same thing. If you gain a happiness you lose a hope, remember that. It is not always remembered by women, and very seldom by men."

"Is it so precious? It is common enough, at all events."

"What is common enough?" he asked, absent-mindedly.

"Hope."

"Hope! connais pas!" he exclaimed, with a sudden laugh. "You must ask someone who knows more about it. I am a man of sorrow, Wanda; that is why I am so gay."

And his laugh was indeed light-hearted enough.

"The rain makes one feel lonely, that is all," he went on, as if seeking to explain his own humour. "Rain and cold and half a dozen drawbacks to existence lose their terrors if one has an indoor life to turn to, and a fire to sit by. That is why I am here."

And he drew his chair nearer to the burning logs. Wanda now knew that he had something to tell her—that he had come for no other purpose. And, that he should be

delicate and careful in his approach, told her that it was of Cartoner he had come to speak. While the delicacy and care showed her that he had guessed something, it also opened up a new side to his character. For the susceptibilities of men and women who have passed middle-age are usually dull, and often quite dead, to the sensitiveness of younger hearts. It almost seemed that he divined that Wanda's heart was sensitive and sore, like an exposed nerve, though she showed the world a quiet face, such as the Bukatys had always shown through as long and grim a family history as the world has known.

"Do you not ever feel lonely in this great room?" he asked, looking round at the bare walls, which still showed the dim marks left by the portraits that had gone to grace an Imperial gallery.

"No, I think not," answered Wanda. She followed his glance round the room, wondering, perhaps, if the rest of her life was to be weighed down by the sense of loneliness which had come over her that day for the first time.

Deulin, like the majority of Frenchmen, had certain mental gifts, usually considered to be the special privilege of women. He had a feminine way of skirting a subject—of walking round, as it were, and contemplating it from various side issues, as if to find out the best approach to it.

"The worst of Warsaw," he said, "is its dullness. The theatres are deplorable. You must admit that. And of society, there is, of course, none. I have even tried a travelling circus out by the Mokotow. One must amuse one's self."

He looked at her furtively, as if he were ashamed of having to amuse himself, and remembered too late how much the confession might mean.

"It was sordid," he continued. "One wondered how the performers could be content to risk their lives for the benefit of such a small and such an undistinguished audience. There was a trapeze troupe, however, who interested me. There was a girl with a stereotyped smile—like cracking nuts. There was a young man whose conceit took one's breath away. It was so hard to reconcile such preposterous vanity with the courage that he must have had. And there was a large, modest man who interested me. It was really he who did all the work. It was he who caught the others when they swung across the tent in mid-air. He was very steady and he was usually the wrong way up, hanging by his heels on a swinging trapeze. He had the lives of the others in his hands at every moment. But it was the others who received the applause—the nut-cracker girl who pirouetted, and the vain man who tapped his chest and smiled condescendingly. But the big man stood in the background, scarcely bowing at all, and quite forgetting to smile. One could see from the expression of his patient face that he knew it did not matter what he did, for no one was looking at him—which was only the truth. Then, when the applause was over, he turned and walked away, heavy-shouldered and rather tired—his day's work done. And, I don't know why, I thought—of Cartoner."

She expected the name. Perhaps she wished for it, though she never would have spoken it herself. She had yet to learn to do that.

"Yes," said Deulin, after a pause, pursuing, it would appear his own thoughts, "the world would get on very well without its talkers. No great man has ever been a great talker. Have you noticed that in history?"

Wanda made no answer. She was still waiting for the news that he had to tell her. The logs on the fire fell about with a crackle, and Deulin rose to put them in order. While thus engaged he continued his monologue.

"I suppose that is why I feel lonely this afternoon. In a sense, I am alone. Cartoner has gone, you know. He has left Warsaw."

Deulin glanced at the mirror over the mantelpiece, and if he had had any doubts they were now laid aside, for there was only gladness in Wanda's face. It was good news, then. And Deulin was clever enough to know the meaning of that.

"Gone!" she said. "I am very glad."

"Yes," answered Deulin, gravely, as he returned to his chair. "It is a good thing. I left him this morning, placidly preparing to depart at half an hour's warning. He was packing, with that repose of manner which you have perhaps noticed. Better than Vespers, better than absolution, is Cartoner's repose of manner—for me, bien entendu. But then, I am not a devout man."

"Then you have done what I asked you to do," said Wanda, "some time ago, and I am very grateful."

"Some time ago? It was only yesterday."

"Was it? It seems more than that," said Wanda. And Deulin nodded his head slowly.

"I was able to give him some information which made him change his plans quite suddenly," he explained. "So he packed up and went. He had not much to pack. We travel light—he and I. We have no despatch-boxes or notebooks or diaries. What we remember and forget we remember and forget in our own heads. Though I doubt whether Cartoner forgets anything."

"And you?" asked Wanda, turning upon him quickly.

"I! Oh! I do my best," he said, lightly. "But if you desire to forget anything you should begin early. It is not a habit acquired in later life."

He rose as he spoke and looked at the clock. He had a habit of peering and contracting his round brown eyes which made many people think that he was short-sighted.

"I do not think I will wait for the Mangles," he said. "Especially Julie. I do not feel in the humour for Julie. By the way—" He paused, and contemplated the fire thoughtfully. "You never talk politics, I know. With the

Mangles you may go farther, and not even talk of politicians. It is no affair of theirs that Cartoner may have quitted Warsaw—you understand?"

"I should have thought Mr. Joseph Mangles the incarnation of discretion," said Wanda.

"Ah! You have found out Mangles, have you? I wonder if you have found us all out. Yes, Mangles is discreet, but Netty is not. I call her Netty—well, because I regard her with a secret and consuming passion."

"And have an equally secret and complete contempt for her discretion."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and turned to look at her again. "Have I concealed my admiration so successfully as that? Perhaps I have overdone the concealment."

"Perhaps you have overdone the contempt," suggested Wanda. "She is probably more discreet than you think, but I shall not put her to the test."

"You see," said Deulin, in an explanatory way, "Cartoner may have had reasons of his own for leaving without drum or trumpet. You and I are the only persons in Warsaw who know of his departure, except the people in the passport office—and the others, whose business it is to watch us all. You have a certain right to know; because in a sense you brought it about, and it concerns the safety of your father and Martin. So I took it upon myself to tell you. I was not instructed to do so by Cartoner. I

have no message of politeness to give to anyone in Warsaw. Cartoner merely saw that it was his duty to go, and to go at once; so he went at once. And with a characteristic simplicity of purpose, he ignored the little social trammels which the majority of mankind know much better than they know their Bible, and follow much more closely. He was too discreet to call and say good-bye—knowing the ways of servants in this country. He will be much too discreet to send a congé card by post, knowing, as he does, the Warsaw post-office."

He took up his hat as he sat, and broke suddenly into his light and pleasant laugh.

"You are wondering," he said, "why I am taking this unusual course. It is not often, I know, that one speaks well of one's friend behind his back. It is six for Cartoner and half a dozen for myself. To begin with, Cartoner is my friend. I should not like him to be misunderstood. Also, I may do the same at any moment myself. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow. Sometimes we remember our friends and sometimes we forget them."

"At all events," said Wanda, shaking hands, "you are cautious. You make no promises."

"And therefore we break none," he answered, as he crossed the threshold.

He had hardly gone before Netty entered the room, followed closely by Mr. Mangles. She was prettily dressed.

She appeared to be nervous and rather shy. The two girls shook hands in silence. Joseph Mangles, standing well in the middle of the room, waited till the first greeting was over, and then, with that solemn air of addressing an individual as if he or she were an assembly, he spoke.

"Princess," he said, "my sister begs to be excused. She is unable to take tea this afternoon. Last night she considered herself called upon to make a demonstration in the cause that she has at heart. She smoked two cigarettes towards the emancipation of your sex, Princess. Just to show her independence—to show, I surmise, that she didn't care a— that she did not care. She cares this afternoon. She has a headache."

And he bowed with a courtesy with which some old-fashioned men still attempt to oppose the progress of women.

(To be continued)

The Court

THE King's yachting cruise ended on Saturday, having lasted over a fortnight. The last day but one of his holiday was spent in Falmouth Harbour, the Royal yacht lying close to the mouth of the River Fal. The town hoped for a Royal visit, so the country people poured in, and the houses and the craft in harbour hung out flags, but His Majesty decided not to come ashore, as his stay was quite private, and only received the harbour-master, who presented an album of Falmouth views from the Mayor and Corporation. In the afternoon the King and a few friends went up the Fal in a steam barge to Lord Falmouth's house, Tregothnan, where His Majesty spent the afternoon in the beautiful grounds, with their extensive views over land and river. The *Victoria and Albert* had an unpleasant voyage to Cowes next morning, through the high wind and rough sea, and did not reach her moorings opposite the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle until tea-time. In misty weather the yacht crossed to Portsmouth on Saturday morning amid salutes and much display of bunting as she came into harbour. King Edward briefly inspected the marine guard of honour, and left by special train for town, where his arrival was kept quite private, His Majesty driving away from the station in a plain brougham with only a mounted policeman for escort. Crowds, however, were waiting to see him, and cheered heartily.

On returning to London the King went straight to Buckingham Palace to settle in his new home, and was soon busy receiving official visitors. Even on Sunday His Majesty gave a two hours' audience to Mr. Chamberlain, after attending the Morning Service at the Chapel Royal St. James's. In the afternoon he drove down to Richmond for tea at White Lodge, where the Duke and Duchess of Teck lived so long. His Majesty was hardly recognised as he drove through the Park in his victoria, drawn by a pair of chestnuts. He has spent his evenings at the theatre, going to see *Merric England* and *Ben-Hur*. At the latter a special box was erected for King Edward in front of the pit, as it would have been impossible for him to see the chariot race and the full effect of the spectacle from the usual Royal box at the side of the theatre. Though so occupied by State affairs the King has no public function before the Levée next Monday, so His Majesty goes to Sandringham for a few days. Later he will visit Newmarket for the races, when he stays at Sir Ernest Cassel's new house, Moulton Paddocks, about three miles east of Newmarket. His Majesty was so pleased with his glimpse of Penzance and the Scilly Isles that he proposes to bring the Queen there during the summer. Their Majesties will spend Whitsuntide at Windsor.

Queen Alexandra is not coming home from Denmark till the middle of next week, but the Prince and Princess of Wales were expected in town on Thursday. The family party at Copenhagen has already begun to break up, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland being the first to leave. Queen Alexandra is her father's constant companion, going with him to visit Queen Louise's tomb in the Cathedral at Roskilde, and riding with him in the Hippodrome at Christiansborg Castle. Her Majesty also accompanied King Christian and the Danish Royal Family to Service on Sunday in the Garrison Church, while the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince and Princess Charles went to the English Church of St. Alban. The Prince and Princess of Wales have been most industrious sightseers in Copenhagen. They went over the Thorvaldsen Museum, inspected the King's collection of curios at Rosenborg Castle, went to the City Hall and to the Theatre and took numerous drives in the suburbs. The King gave a family dinner to his children and grandchildren on Sunday night. On returning home the Prince and Princess of Wales go down to Sandringham to see their children, and will then settle in town for the season. In the first week of May they go to Wales for the Prince's installation as Chancellor of the Welsh University, and during their stay they will ascend Snowdon by the mountain railway. They intend to spend Whitsuntide at Frogmore. Amongst their town engagements the Prince and Princess will be present on the 25th inst. at a concert at the Queen's Hall in aid of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Norwood.

THE HELIGOLAND TO DOVER YACHT RACE.—Mr. Carl von Buch writes:—"My attention has been called to a paragraph in a recent issue regarding a cup which you erroneously state has been given by the German Emperor in honour of His Majesty's Coronation. The Cup in question has been presented to His Majesty and the Imperial Yacht Club, to be raced for from Heligoland to Dover on July 14, by myself. A second prize, value 105*l.*, is given by Sir Henry Seymour King, Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club, and a third prize by Mr. Lorne C. Currie. The race is intended as a return to the German Emperor for the cup which he gives yearly for English yachts from Dover to Heligoland, and also to induce German yacht owners to race in English regattas round the coast during the season. The German Emperor has entered his yacht, and I understand there will be at least ten starters for the prize."



The reinforcement of 507 officers and men supplied by the 1st Grenadier Guards for the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the regiment in South Africa left Wellington Barracks at six o'clock last Saturday morning to entrain at Nine Elms for Southampton. Major G. E. Pereira, D.S.O., was in command of the reinforcement, which was clothed and equipped in the new service uniform. The band of the regiment and drums of the 1st Battalion played the column on its march, a considerable number of people accompanying the Guardsmen from the barracks to the station gates

OFF TO THE FRONT: THE GUARDS' REINFORCEMENTS LEAVING WELLINGTON BARRACKS
DRAWN BY ARTHUR GARRATT



THE LATE CAPTAIN F. R. COATES
Killed near Klerksdorp



THE LATE CAPTAIN R. D. HERRON
Killed at Leeuwkop



THE LATE MR. GEORGE A. MOBERLY
Killed near Strathrae



THE LATE LIEUTENANT G. R. VENNING
Killed near Tweebosch



THE LATE MAJOR J. C. A. WALKER
Killed at Leeuwkop

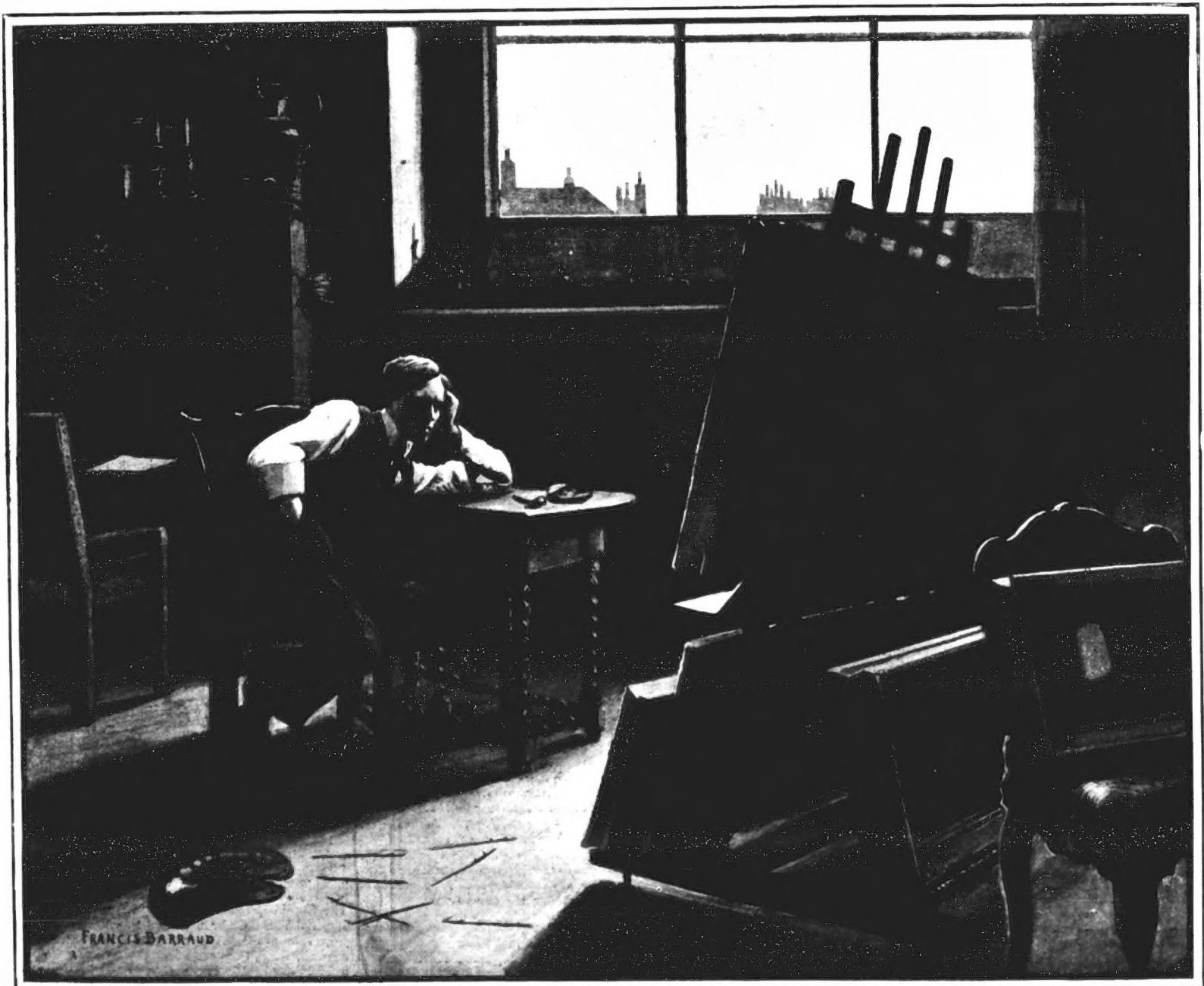
War Portraits

LIEUTENANT GORDON RALPH VENNING, D.S.O., 4th Battery Royal Field Artillery, who was killed while serving the guns against Delarey's attack upon Lord Methuen's force at Klip Drift, was in his twenty-second year. He was born in Ceylon, and was the son of Mr. Alfred R. Venning, the present Secretary of the Government in Perak, Straits Settlements. Lieutenant Venning was educated at Bath College, where he distinguished himself as an athlete. Entering the Army in December, 1898, he obtained his lieutenantancy in February, 1901.

Captain Frederick Raymond Coates, who was killed in the attack on Von Donop's column, near Klerksdorp, was twenty-five years of age. He entered the 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, from the Militia Battalion, in December, 1896, and was promoted captain in March, 1901. He served in the campaign in the Soudan, and was present at the battle of Khartoum. He also served in the occupation of Crete, 1898. Having gone out with the 1st Battalion at the commencement of the war, he had seen much service in South Africa. He was the youngest son of Mr. Victor Coates, D.L., Rathmore, Dunmurry, county Antrim. Our portrait is by Martin Jacolette, South Kensington.

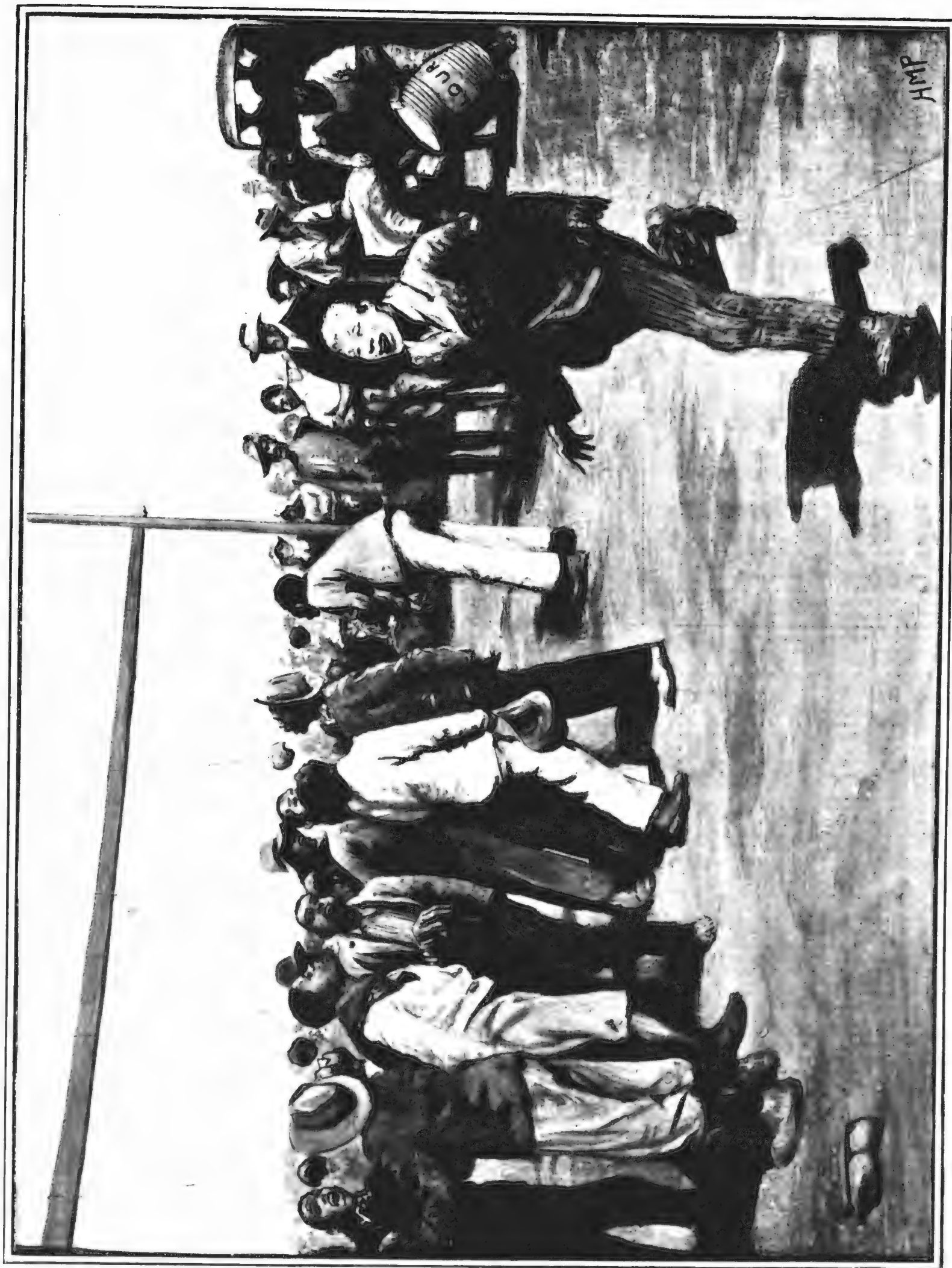
Mr. George A. Moberly, who was killed near Strathrae, on March 15, was the son of the Rev. Edmund G. Moberly, of Blackheath, New South Wales. He went as a volunteer to South Africa early in 1901, and did such valuable work with French's and Morley's Scouts and the 7th Dragoon Guards that he was offered a commission in a cavalry regiment. This he declined, but after Morley's Scouts were disbanded he again offered his services and was employed as a special scout by the Intelligence Department. Our portrait is by Davies Brothers, Johannesburg.

Major John Charles Arthington Walker, of the 2nd Dragoon



"HARD-HIT!" HIS MASTERPIECE REJECTED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

DRAWN BY FRANCIS BARRAUD



DRAWN BY H. M. FORT

At an athletic meeting held at Richmond, Cape Colony, much amusement was caused by a novel item in the programme. A number of buns, covered with treacle, were suspended by

strings from a cross bar, and the Kaffres had to try to eat them without using their hands. After they had eaten the buns, their heads were dipped in a flour barrel, and they had then to

run round the course. The spectators laughed at the white patches on the woolly heads, but the Kaffres themselves seemed to appreciate the joke immensely and laughed more than anyone

BOBBING FOR BUNS: A NOVEL EVENT IN THE SPORTS AT RICHMOND, CAPE COLONY

HMP

Guards, was killed at Leeuwkop, joined the Queen's Bays as a lieutenant in July, 1882, and served in the Soudan Expedition with the 19th Hussars, in 1884. He was present in the engagements of El Teb and Tamai, and for his services in that campaign he was decorated with the medal with clasp and the Khedive's Star. He also served in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85. In 1886 he was promoted to captain, and became a major in 1897. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

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The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

CONSIDERING the enormity of the figures involved in the Budget, it was natural that Monday night should see the Chamber filled to

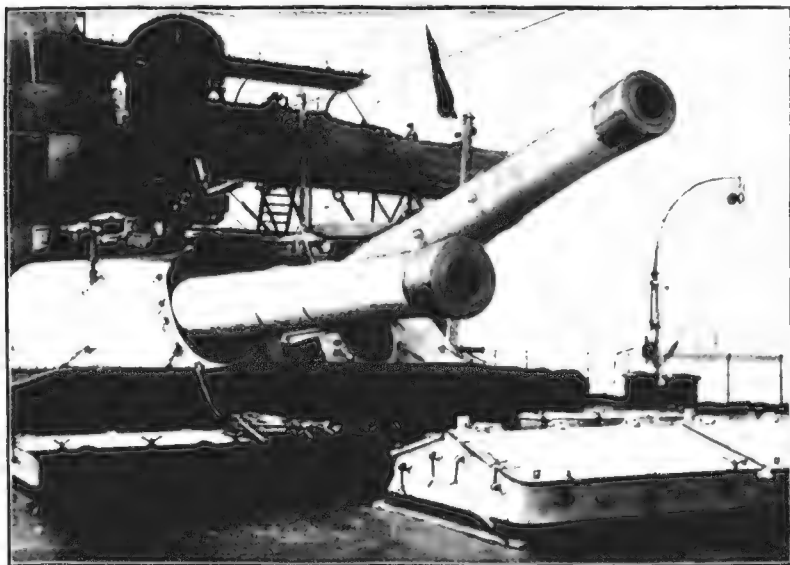
The Chancellor of the Exchequer's exposition of his financial scheme was eagerly followed in search of further signs. These were not lacking. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman followed up his inquiry about peace negotiations with a suggestion that in the circumstances the introduction of the Budget should be deferred. If peace were really at hand its establishment must necessarily have important influence on the finance of the coming year. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach made it clear that this consideration had not escaped the attention of His Majesty's Ministers. "I may be asked," he said, "Have you no hope of a happy result of these conferences?" Sir, he added, in emphatic manner, "I have hopes. But I cannot allow myself to be influenced by them on an occasion such as this. Nothing is more likely to conduce to peace at such a crisis as that in which we now stand as proof given by the House of Commons of determination on the part of the country, that if, unhappily, hope should not be realised, the war shall, at any cost, be carried on to the end."

On these heroic lines the Budget was built. To begin with, there was an ascertained deficit of nearly twenty-seven millions. That was pretty well to begin with. In view of the contingency of continuance of the war, to the end of the financial year, Sir Michael clapped on a sum of eighteen and a half millions, bringing the

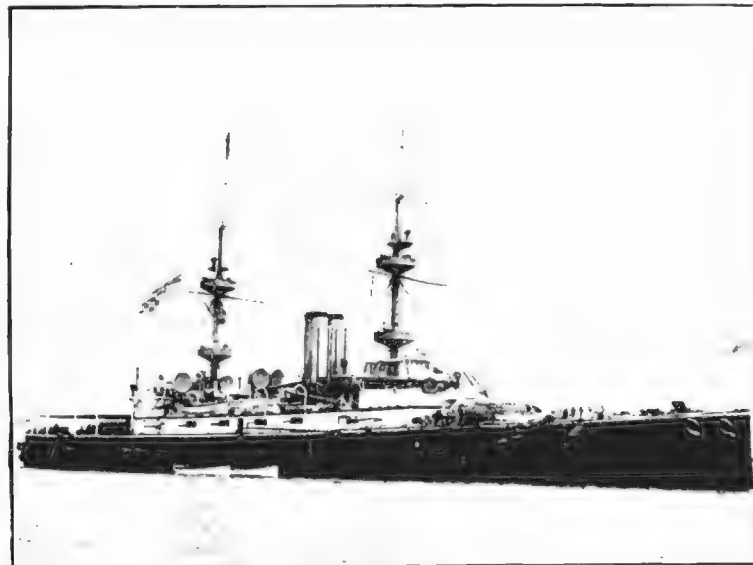
The Gun Accident on H.M.S. "Mars"

ON Tuesday morning, the battleship *Mars* steamed into Cork Harbour with her flag at half-mast, and it was announced later that a terrible explosion had occurred on board the ship, which had caused the deaths of Lieutenants Bourne and Miller and nine petty officers and men. Mr. Geoffrey Cowland, midshipman, and six petty officers were injured. It appears that gun practice was proceeding off the south-west coast of Ireland on Monday afternoon, and Lieutenants Bourne and Miller were in charge of the firing operations in the fore barbette. One of the two 12in. 50-ton guns in the barbette was loaded, and Lieutenant Bourne gave the order to fire. A miss-fire resulted, and the gun was thereupon carefully examined by the two officers. The cause of the miss-fire was not quite apparent, and for safety it was decided to ignite the charge by means of the electric auxiliary circuit. This was ultimately done, and instantly the breech-block was blown out. The barbette was wrecked, and not one of the eighteen men engaged at the gun escaped death or injury. Two were blown into the sea and never seen again, and several were so disfigured as to be hardly recognisable.

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TWO OF THE 12IN. GUNS ON BOARD H.M.S. "MARS"
From a Photograph by West and Son, Southsea



THE FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP "MARS"
From a Photograph by W. Gregory and Co., Strand



THE LATE LIEUT. T. O. MILLER
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Lieut. Miller is not in this group, as he joined the ship after the photograph (which is by Russell and Sons, Southsea) was taken
THE OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "MARS"



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Photograph by Debenham, Southsea

its utmost capacity by a throng expectant of disclosure of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's intentions. It happened on this occasion that there was a rival, even superior, attraction in point of interest. The air was full of rumours of peace. The Cabinet had been hastily summoned, and there was talk of a supplementary midnight meeting at the private residence of the Colonial Secretary.

"Is it peace?" the messengers running forth to meet Jehu hurriedly asked. "Is it peace?" the Leader of the Opposition inquired of Mr. Balfour as soon as Questions on the Paper were got out of the way. The question, in slightly varied form, has been put on several earlier occasions, and has met with declaration that the Leader of the House had no news to communicate. On Monday Mr. Balfour had something to say that raised hope high. On Saturday a message from the Boer leaders was communicated to the Cabinet by Lord Kitchener, a reply had been sent, and a further communication from Pretoria was expected. That, at least, indicated the important fact that negotiations for peace had actually commenced, had even proceeded to some definite point. Since it was an absolute, unalterable condition of negotiation on the part of the British Government that claim to the independence of the Transvaal State and the Orange River Colony should be abandoned, it was clear that something important had been gained in the direction of peace.

deficit up to forty-five and a half millions, a sum which, within the term of modern history, has been the aggregate yearly revenue of the nation.

By suspension of the Sinking Fund, a matter of course during the last three Budgets, the deficit was reduced to forty-one millions. It was met by addition of a penny to the income tax, the doubling of the penny stamp on cheques and bills at sight, and the re-imposition of the tax on corn and flour abolished in 1869 by Mr. Robert Lowe.

Through the week, which has been mainly devoted to consideration of the Budget, considerable progress has been made. Oddly enough, the stoutest fight has been round the smallest item in the scheme. The patient income tax-payer, Isaacar among his brethren, has accepted the impost of an additional penny with nothing more effective than a low moan. The tax on corn and flour, recognised by Sir William Harcourt and other authorities as our old friend the thin end of the wedge of Protection, has been fulminated against in long and weighty speeches. But it is the additional penny tax on cheques that has created the most irritation, and has, indeed, given the Chancellor of the Exchequer a pause. At this present time of writing the resolution is not withdrawn, but it is certain that it will be modified by excepting small cheques from its operation.

tenant of the *Mars*, entered the Navy in 1887, became a sub-lieutenant in 1893, and was promoted lieutenant a year later. He was appointed to the *Mars* for gunnery duties in April, 1900. Lieutenant Tom Cyril Miller, joined the Navy in 1894, becoming a sub-lieutenant in January, 1900, and lieutenant in July the same year. Lieutenant Miller was the son of Captain Miller, R.N., retired, of Eversley, Weymouth.

Our Supplement

MR. KILBURN's picture, a coloured reproduction of which forms our Supplement this week, shows the manner in which our ancestors indulged in the chase. Those were not the days of big battues, but who shall say that the sport was not more satisfactory? The modern sportsman, with a man to load and hand him the latest thing in guns, would look askance at the flint-lock fowling-piece carried by these old-world gentry; but those were the days when time was less important than now, and even killing could be done at leisure, while the tramp home, chatting in the evening after a visit to some favourite cover, was, perhaps, quite as enjoyable as being bowled home in some swift dogcart or country-desecrating motor car.



"THE RETURN FROM THE CHASE"
FROM THE PAINTING BY G. GOODWIN KILBURN

Gaird, was killed at Leenwop, joined the Queen's Bays as lieutenant in July, 1882, and served in the Sudan Expedition with the 19th Hussars, in 1884. He was present in the engagements of El Tel and Fannu, and for his services in that campaign he was decorated with the medal with clasp and the Khedive's Star. He also served in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85. In 1886 he was promoted to captain, and became a major in 1897. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

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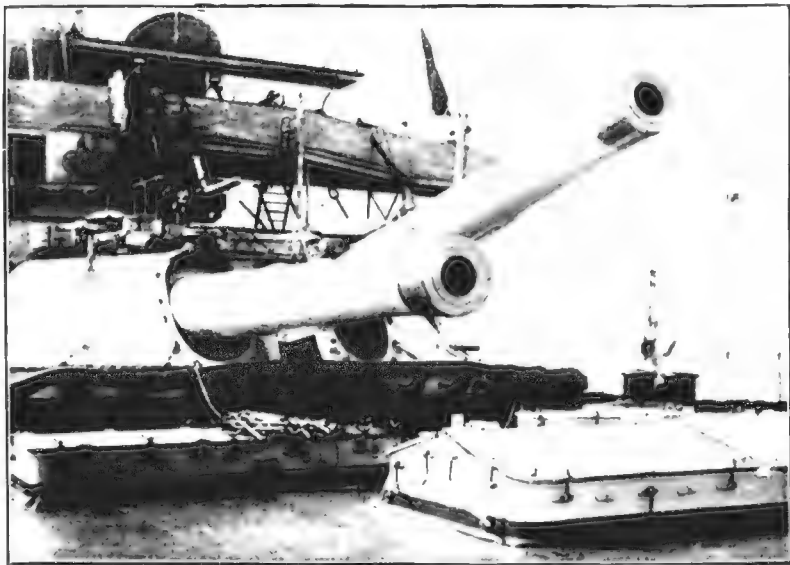
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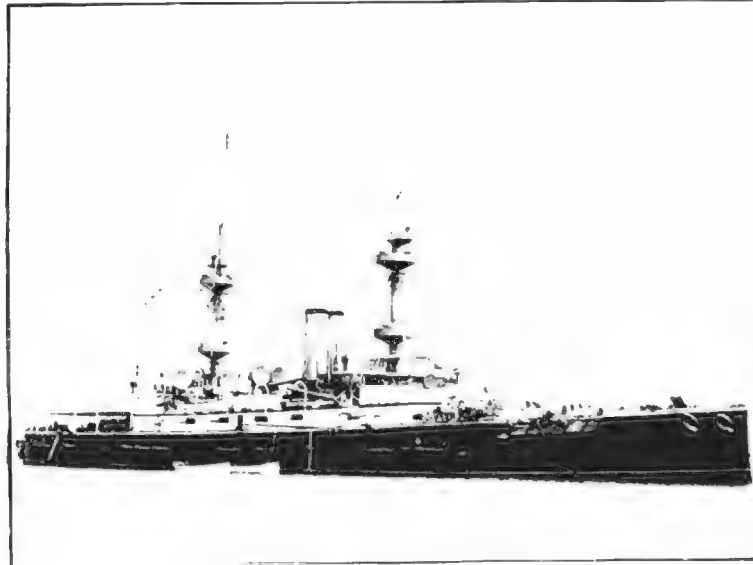
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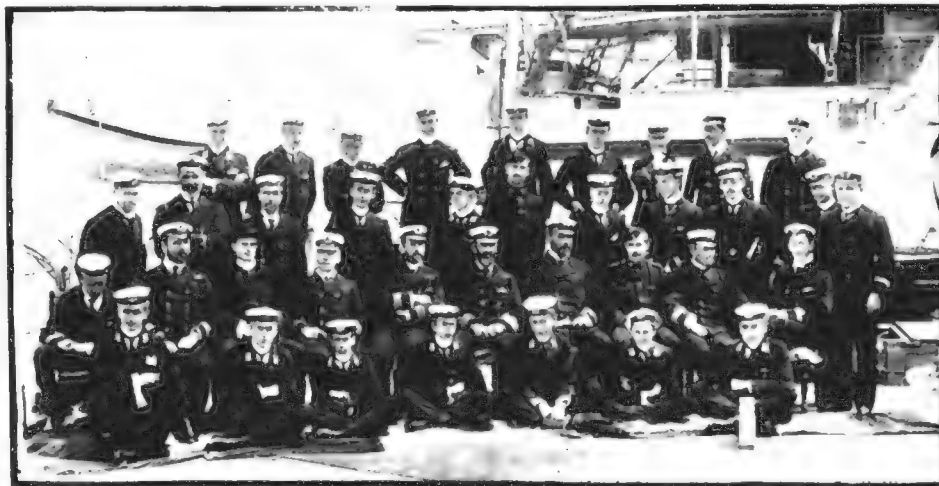
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Photograph by Debenham, Southsea

its utmost capacity by a throng expectant of disclosure of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's intentions. It happened on this occasion that there was a rival, even superior, attraction in point of interest. The air was full of rumours of peace. The Cabinet had been recently summoned, and there was talk of a supplementary midnight meeting at the private residence of the Colonial Secretary.

"Is it peace?" the messengers running forth to meet Mr. Balfour asked. "Is it peace?" the Leader of the Opposition inquired. Mr. Balfour is soon as Questions on the Paper were got over the way. The question, in slightly varied form, has been put on several earlier occasions, and has met with denunciation from the Leader of the House had no news to communicate. On Monday Mr. Balfour had something to say that raised hope high. On Sunday a message from the floor leaders was communicated to the Cabinet by Lord Kitchener, a reply had been sent, and a further communication from Mr. Balfour was expected. That, at least, indicated the important fact that negotiations for peace had actually proceeded to some definite point. Since it was known that the Government of negotiations on the part of the British Government that claim to the independence of the Transvaal State and the Orange River Colony should be abandoned, it was clear that something important had taken place in the discussion.

deficit up to forty-five and a half millions, a sum which, within the term of modern history, has been the aggregate yearly revenue of the nation.

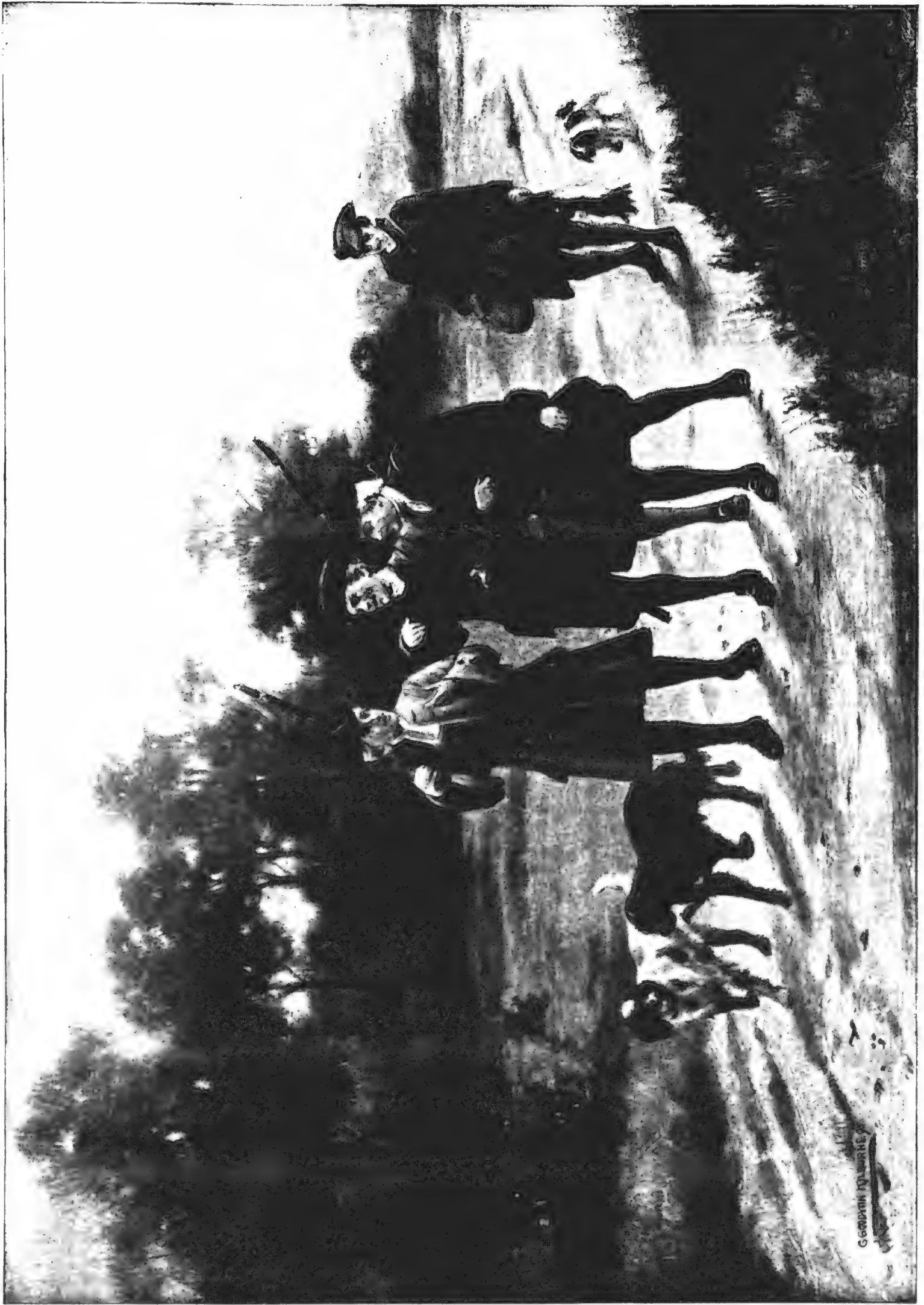
By suspension of the Sinking Fund, a matter of course during the last three Budgets, the deficit was reduced to forty-one millions. It was met by addition of a penny to the income tax, the doubling of the penny stamp on cheques and bills at sight, and the re-imposition of the tax on corn and flour abolished in 1860 by Mr. Robert Lowe.

Through the week, which has been mainly devoted to consideration of the Budget, considerable progress has been made. Oddly enough, the stoutest fight has been round the smallest item in the scheme. The patient income tax payer, I venture among his brethren, has accepted the impost of an additional penny with something more effective than a low moan. The tax on corn and flour, suggested by Sir William Harcourt and other members of our old friends and the thin end of the wedge of Protectionism, has been flammished against in long and weighty speeches. But the additional penny tax on cheques and bills has created the most animated and has, indeed, given the Chancellor of the Exchequer a severe test. At this present time of writing the resolution is not withdrawn, but it is certain that it will be modified by exempting small cheques from its operation.

enant of the *Mars*, entered the Navy in 1887, became a sub-lieutenant in 1893, and was promoted lieutenant a year later. He was appointed to the *Mars* for gunnery duties in April, 1900. Lieutenant Tom Cyril Miller, joined the Navy in 1894, becoming a sub-lieutenant in January, 1900, and lieutenant in July the same year. Lieutenant Miller was the son of Captain Miller, R.N., retired, of Eversley, Weymouth.

Our Supplement

MR. KILBERT's picture, a coloured reproduction of which forms our Supplement this week, shows the manner in which our ancestors engaged in the chase. Those were not the days of big battues, but who shall say that the sport was not more satisfactory? The modern sportsman, with a gun to load and hand him the best thing in the world to look at, the flintlock fowling-piece, cannot but be a world-gentry; but those were the days when time was less important than now, and even killing could be done at leisure, while the tramp home, chatting in the evening after a visit to some favourite cover, was, perhaps, quite as enjoyable as being howled down in some swift dogcart or country-desecrating motor car.



"THE RETURN FROM THE CHASE"
FROM THE PAINTING BY G. GOODWIN KYRLE

Christ's Hospital: Old and New

THE long controversy between the Governors of Christ's Hospital and the Schools Inquiry Commissioners, which commenced in 1869, came to an end in 1890. During the whole of that time the Governors were protesting against the scheme, which involved a removal of the school buildings, while the Commissioners were equally determined that, in the interests of the school, the present buildings should be pulled down and a new school erected at a convenient distance from London. On January 1, 1890, the scheme drawn up by the Commissioners became law, and the Council of Almoners were appointed to provide suitable sites for the new school buildings. On October 23, 1897, the foundation-stone of the Hospital's new schools at Horsham was laid by the Prince of Wales on behalf of Her Majesty the Queen. The buildings are now practically completed.

Thus, after a period of three and a half centuries, the tie connecting the City with the Bluecoat Boys has been broken. Such an event could hardly occur without occasioning some regret, but at the same time there is no reason to fear that the boys in their new home will forget the traditions of the old school.

It is generally understood that the Commissioners had two main reasons for insisting on the removal of the buildings. Their first reason was that the place must necessarily be unhealthy and too confined for boys, and the second reason was that the site was too valuable to be used as a school. From inquiries which have been made it appears that Christ's Hospital is one of the healthiest public schools in England. The new buildings will accommodate 820 boys; until the new scheme was passed about 1,100 boys were educated at Christ's Hospital and Hertford.

A short walk through the present buildings is sufficient to convince



EDWARD VI., FOUNDER OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.
From the Portrait in the Hospital Court Room, attributed to Holbein

anyone that, from an antiquarian point of view, it is a thousand pities that they are to be pulled down. Here are almost priceless

treasures which must inevitably suffer in the process of removal. The oldest portion of the building was originally a part of the Grey Friars' Monastery. One old cloister still remains, and, as will be seen from the accompanying photograph—although the building has been supported by modern brickwork, some of it remains exactly as it was put up in the thirteenth century. If possible the stone arches, with their buttresses, will be removed to Horsham, but it is feared that a building which was standing four hundred years before the Great Fire may not bear transplanting. All the rest of the monastery and the adjoining church were destroyed by the Great Fire. These cloisters have come to be known as "Giff's Cloisters." Two derivations of the name are given. One is that "Giff" is a corruption of "G. F."—Grey Friars; the other derivation is, perhaps, more likely to be true, but it is less interesting. In the early part of this century a beadle, whose name was Giffy Fuller, had his beat along those cloisters. On the other hand, it is just possible that the cloisters may have given their name to the beadle. One thing is certain, that no Old Blue living can remember the time when they were not called "Giff's Cloisters," and they will be known by that name in their new home—if it is possible to take them down stone by stone and set them up again at Horsham. The principal portions of the handsome New or Grecian Cloister will certainly be removed stone by stone to the new buildings, but the pump near them—which has unaccountably earned a spurious reputation for being old and valuable—will be left behind.

The large dining-hall has already been partially dismantled, the stained glass of the windows having been removed to Horsham. The hall was erected partly on the foundations of the ancient Refectory of Grey Friars and partly on the site of the City Wall. At the east end is a



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL

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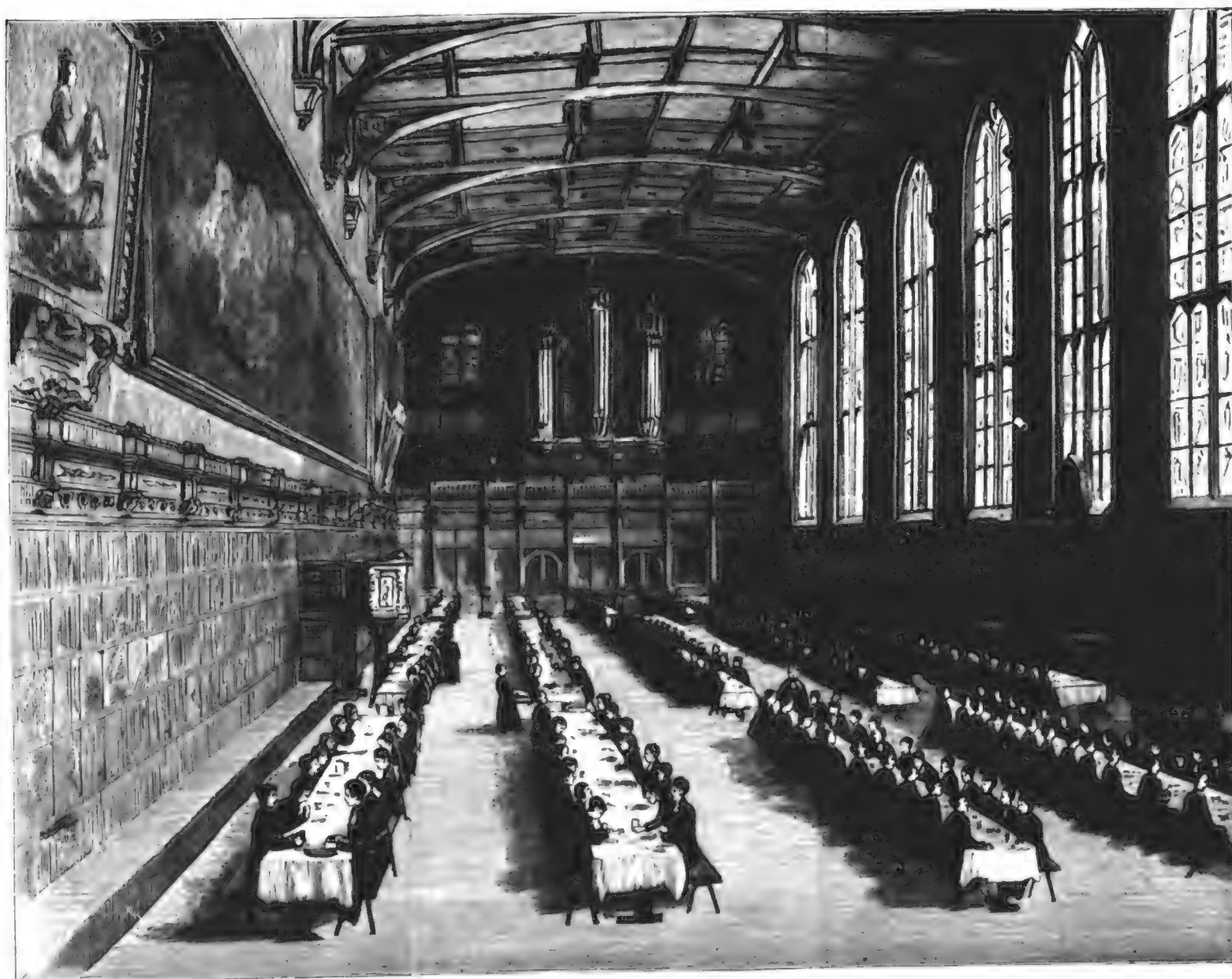


EDWARD VI., FOUNDER OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.
From the Portrait in the Hospital Court Room, attributed to Holbein

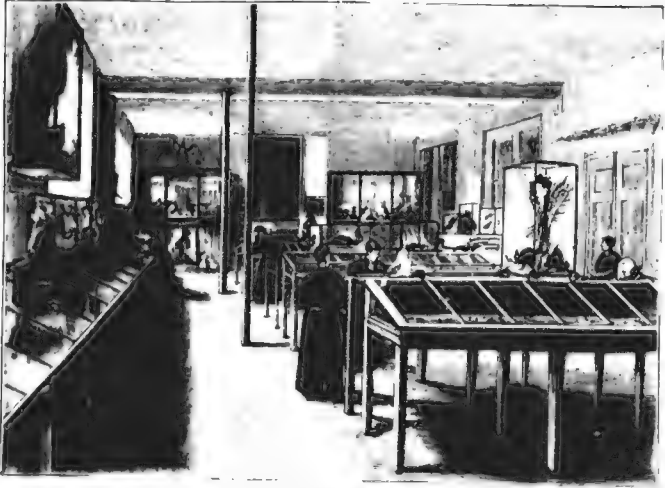
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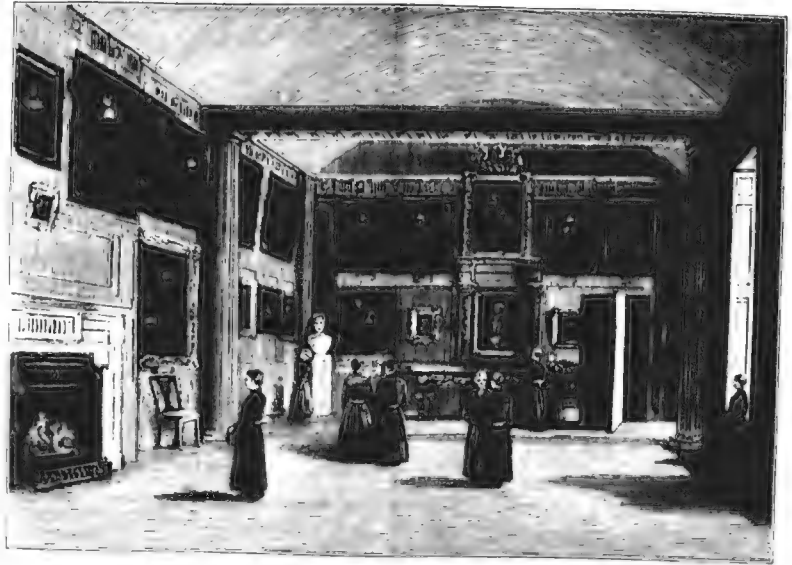
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INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL



THE MUSEUM



THE COURT ROOM



THE PULPIT CARVED BY GRINLING GIBBONS



THE PLAYGROUND AND HALL



AN EXCITING MOMENT IN A DORMITORY



A PUBLIC SUPPER

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, NOW BEING REMOVED TO HORSHAM



THE CLOISTERS



QUENCHING THEIR THIRST



GIRLS' CLOISTERS

screen, on the cornice of which is inscribed the text: "Fear God, love the brotherhood, honour the King." The walls are lined with a grained wainscoting to the height of about ten feet. The platform and raised seats at the end of the hall are for the use of Governors and friends during the public suppers and other ceremonies. Among the interesting collection of pictures on the walls are portraits of Her late Majesty and the Prince Consort, commemorative of their visit to one of the public suppers in March, 1845. Hanging above the beautifully carved pulpit by Grinling Gibbons—which, of course, will be removed—is Vario's large picture, painted expressly for the Hospital, chiefly at the instigation of Samuel Pepys, in commemoration of the foundation of the Royal Mathematical School by King Charles II. The Great Hall is used daily for the boys' meals. Service on Sunday evenings is held there, and on four Thursdays in Lent, commencing on the third Thursday, the public suppers take place. The public—represented by Governors and friends—do not participate in the supper, but they are accorded the opportunity of watching the boys.

One more of the portions of the old building which has been removed intact to Horsham is the old gateway in Christ Church Passage. The whole frontage is the work of Sir Christopher Wren. Standing in a niche above the porch is a statue of King Edward VI., and an inscription to the effect that "Edward the Sixth, of famous memory, King of England," was the founder of the Hospital. It has been stated that that honour rightly belonged to his father, Henry VIII. However, the generally accepted opinion is that the establishment of the Hospital in 1552 was the outcome of a sermon upon the excellence of charity, preached before King Edward VI., at Westminster, by Bishop Ridley. Some share in the work is also ascribed to Thomas Leaver, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1551-1553.

The large Court Room of the Hospital, in which the meetings of Committees and Governors are held, will be reproduced as nearly as possible in the new schools. The present Court Room and a small adjoining Committee Room form the upper floor of an old building in which the business of the Hospital is transacted. This

building was erected more than two hundred years ago, on the first general rebuilding of the Hospital after the Great Fire. The Court Room, which is approached by a fine old oak staircase, has a vaulted roof supported by four Doric columns. At the upper end, raised and under a canopy, is the President's chair, with the Arms of England over it, and behind it, in a panel, is the portrait of the



THE OLD PLAYGROUND

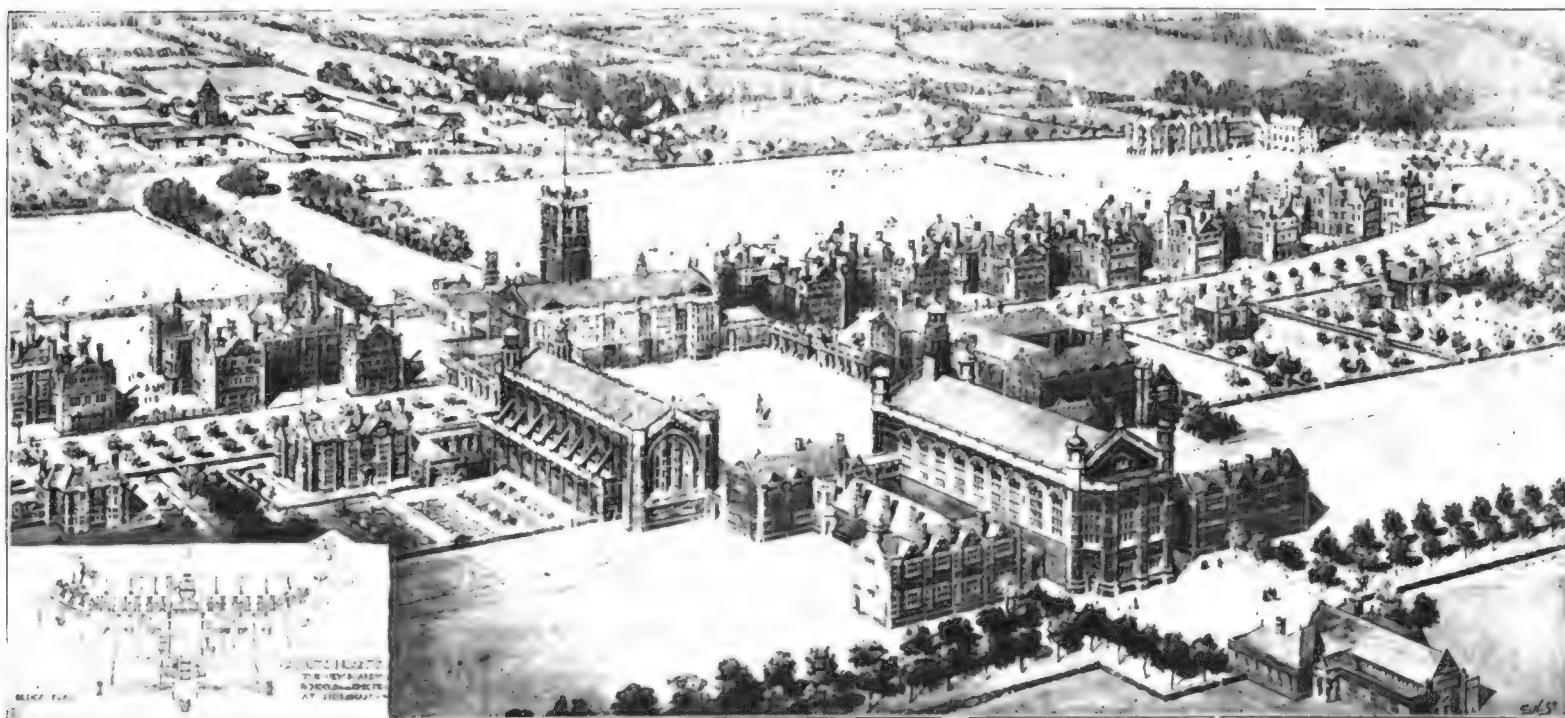
Royal founder, usually attributed to Holbein. The walls are hung with many portraits of benefactors of the Hospital, past and present.

The property of the Hospital at Horsham extends to about 1,200 acres. The school buildings, which are now nearly completed, are divided up into eight blocks. Each block is divided into two houses, and each house will accommodate fifty boys and two house masters. Though detached at the ground level the blocks are connected by a subway. The preparatory school, which at present is

carried on at Hertford in conjunction with the girls' school, will be removed to Horsham, and the girls' school will be enlarged.

One matter—important to all lovers of the antique—remains to be settled. When the present buildings are demolished and the workman's pick breaks up the old playgrounds it is probable that many interesting and valuable relics will be discovered. For instance, one playground is the site of the old ditch which was vaulted over in 1552. It has been definitely arranged that any relics that may be found on the site will in any case become the property of the Hospital. At the same time it is to be doubted if the Hospital authorities will be able to superintend the work of erasing the present buildings. Is there no society—antiquarian or archaeological—who will undertake this important duty and thus save many priceless relics from unnecessary destruction?

It has been urged, as an argument in favour of the new buildings, that the boys will have many more opportunities for outdoor recreation at Horsham than were possible at the old schools. This is undoubtedly true, but the cause of physical education has never been neglected at Christ's Hospital. For nearly forty years the school has possessed its own Gymnasium and Fives Courts, erected in the "new playground." These occupied the site of the old Giltspur Street Compter, or Debtors' Prison, which the Governors secured and added to the school premises some fifty years ago. All the boys go through a proper course of gymnastic training, under a competent instructor. A part of the gymnasium area and portions also of the asphalted "Hall Playground," which is to be seen from the great gates in Newgate Street, have been marked out into courts for lawn tennis. The boys also have the use of an excellent cricket field at Dulwich, easily accessible by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway from Holborn Viaduct or St. Paul's Stations, at specially reduced fares to boys. Finally, there is the swimming-bath, which was opened in May, 1869. Before that time the boys used an ancient open-air bath, called "Peerless Pool," in the neighbourhood of City Road. For many years this was a favourite haunt of the boys, but the site has now been drained and built upon.



THE NEW CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BUILDINGS AT HORSHAM



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

A correspondent at a hill station in India, describing his adventures when out bear-shooting, writes: "One day two bears had been seen by some cowherds, feeding in a thick wood on the side of one of the hills, along which a main road ran. I went in search of

them, and soon came on their tracks, distinctly marked in some soft ground. Carefully following the tracks, I suddenly saw a bear descending from a fair-sized tree, having winded or heard us. As he came down the trunk with his back towards me, at about a distance of

sixty yards, he offered an easy target. thick underwood. The second bear road quite close to where my pony

"TAKEN BY SURPRISE": BEAR-SHOOTING AT AN IN



FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT JOHN PINNEY

ked in some soft ground. Carefully follow-
 from a fair-sized tree, having winded or
 back towards me, at about a distance of
 sixty yards, he offered an easy target. I let drive, and over he went with a howl into some
 thick underwood. The second bear seen by the cowherds shortly afterwards crossed the
 road quite close to where my pony was standing, and frightened her and the syce, who

bolted, nearly out of their wits, and went off into the wood"

URPRISE": BEAR-SHOOTING AT AN INDIAN HILL STATION

Life at Wellington Barracks

THE accompanying illustrations give us a little insight into the life led by the battalions of Guards stationed at Wellington Barracks. In all essentials the life of a Guardsman is the same as that of a linesman. The routine of an ordinary day in barracks is much the same everywhere. *Reveille* sounds at 6 or 6.15 a.m., according to the season of the year. On hearing this all good soldiers turn out of bed. The first thing to be done is to roll up one's mattress and fold the sheets and blankets neatly. Then the floor under and around each bed must be swept, each man being responsible for the cleanliness of his part of the room. Then there is a rush to the wash-house for the morning ablutions. At seven, or a quarter past, there is a parade lasting three-quarters of an hour, at which no one is exempt unless employed on duty. As soon as parade is dismissed it is breakfast time that is eight o'clock or a quarter before. Meantime the orderly men have been drawing bread and meat rations for the day, and the tea or coffee has been fetched from the cookhouse. Breakfast over, there is a parade for recruits from nine to ten. The other men in the meantime clean up the room, scrub the tables, wash up the breakfast things, sweep the floor, etc. At eleven there is a general parade. If the parade be under the commanding officer, all have to attend—servants, grooms, tailors, shoemakers, and other "employed" men—but if the adjutant or sergeant-major takes the parade the employed men are exempt. The parade lasts an hour, then some of the men repair to the canteen, which opens at twelve. Here they can procure beer. The canteen is managed by the regiment, and it will be remembered that a recent court-martial brought the system into notice not



IN THE COFFEE BAR WHEN WORK IS DONE

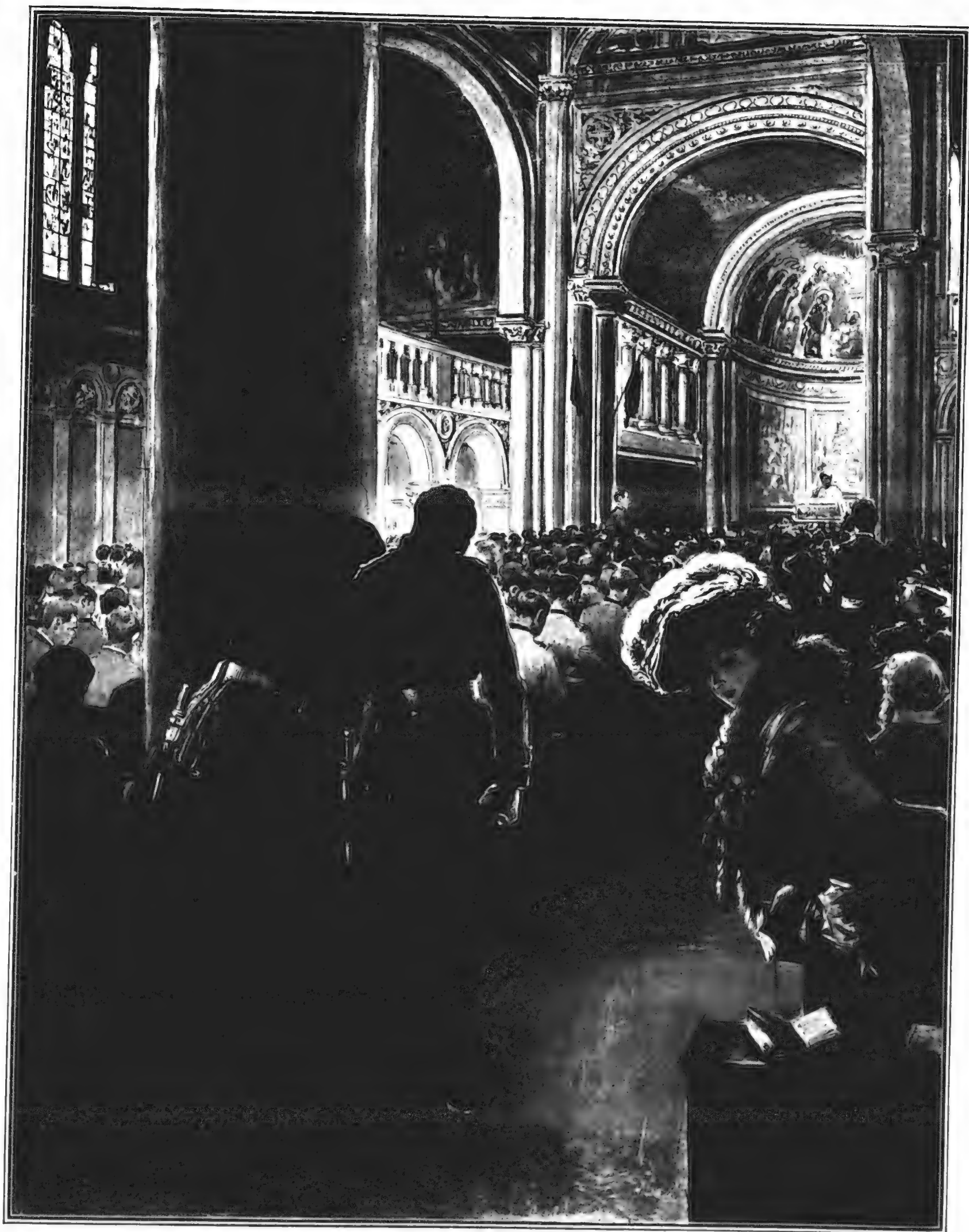
altogether favourable to it. In infantry regiments the canteen is not open for the sale of intoxicating liquor until twelve, and it is closed at tattoo. It is expressly set forth in the King's Regulations that the grocery shop, where the soldier buys his little "extras" (for which there is, unfortunately, too much need), and the canteen, though under the same management, must, if possible, be in separate buildings. Associated with the grocery shop is the coffee-room, which is meant to be a foil to the canteen and is allowed to be open half an hour after tattoo. At twenty minutes to one the bugle sounds the dinner call. Immediately after the meal the tables are again scrubbed and the plates, etc., are washed up. The old soldiers have now nothing more to do till next morning, unless they are on guard, picket, or fatigue duty. As a rule, a man is at liberty at this time two or three days in the week. There is, however, a parade for recruits from three to four. At four comes tea, and after that those who are studiously inclined can attend regimental school. At half-past nine the bugler sounds the first post of tattoo, and every man must be in barracks by ten to answer to his name, unless he has a pass permitting him to stop out. At a quarter past ten "Lights out" is sounded and the day's work is done. Of course on field days or route marching days the Guardsman does not get off so lightly. On Sunday there is Church parade. At Wellington Barracks the men who belong to the Church of England attend at the Guards' Chapel attached to the barracks. The interior of the chapel is adorned in the Lombard style. It is very rich in mosaics, those over the chancel being the gift of Queen Victoria. Here and there, tattered and torn, are the colours carried or captured at Waterloo and in the Crimea. The service is very bright and hearty. The music is in the hands of the regimental band, and the soldiers join in the singing in a way that no other congregation can rival.



IN THE WASH-HOUSE AFTER PARADE

A DAY WITH THE FOOT GUARDS: SKETCHES IN WELLINGTON BARRACKS

DRAWN BY E. MATANIA



SERVICE ON SUNDAY MORNING IN THE GUARDS' CHAPEL AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY F. MATANIA



M. RIPEAGUINE
Russian Minister of the Interior, who has been
assassinated



THE LATE REV. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.
Preacher and Author



THE LATE LIEUT.-GEN. A. W. H. MEYRICK
Crimean Veteran



MAJOR-GENERAL LORD DUNDONALD
Appointed to command the Canadian Militia



SIR HENRY MOORE JACKSON, K.C.M.G.
New Governor of Fiji

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

It may not be generally known that in the flowery precincts of the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, an excellent work of education for women is carried on. It is here that a practical school for gardening is open to ladies, who may learn all the technical, scientific and useful part of the study of horticulture. The course lasts three years, but students can take only a year's course and need not attend every day if they do not desire a thorough professional training. I cannot imagine a more delightful arrangement than this short course of study for ladies who love their gardens. With regard to those who intend to make gardening their profession, they are as thoroughly equipped for the work as any high-class male gardener, being mistresses of such abstruse matters as drainage, manures, hybridisation and selection, insect pests, and the theory of landscape gardening, in addition to the ordinary culture of plants and flowers. The thoroughness of the scheme seems to commend itself to those who have struggled vainly with the ignorant jobbing gardener, and who have only by a series of bitter mistakes and experiences acquired a smattering of knowledge, and an idea of the soil and the culture required by their favourite plants.

The laundress is an object of universal aversion. Whether she loses things at the wash, sends them home button and stringless or torn to ribbons, beautifully glossy, but rotten like a whited sepulchre; or, simply limp and yellow, she is the cause of weekly annoyance and despair. Men who dress well, women who buy lovely *linerie*, the homely housewife who cares for her house linen as for her children, and the extravagant lady who trims her tablecloths and sheets with lace, one and all suffer from her depredations and dispute her bills. Why cannot the putting of chemicals into the water be met by the same penalties as the adulteration of food? Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and society demands snowy linen. The question is becoming a serious one, and I hear it stated that a laundry will shortly be formed under the auspices of some great ladies, to meet the demand of those who require well-washed and beautifully starched linen. Time was when a lady's maid advertised as one of her necessary acquirements the "getting-up of fine linen and washing of laces;" now not one in a hundred knows anything about it. Lace is sent to the cleaner's, fine linen to the washerwoman, and splendid havoc they make of them.

London is no paradise for horses, whatever it may be for women. Last week I saw four horses down in the course of half an hour on the same slippery portion of the road. One poor brute, driven with another in a van, was violently kicked when down, by his plunging companion, so that his leg was broken, or at least severely injured. The endeavours of the ignorant if well-meaning helpers to raise him on three legs, his repeated falls, his gasps and pantings, the agony he was suffering, and the gaping curiosity of the crowd that gathered round him, were most painful to witness. He lay there for an hour at least to my knowledge, interrupting the whole traffic of a busy corner, and how much longer he may have lain I know not. No yet came to his assistance, nor did anybody appear to know what to do. I believe there exists now a depot for a horse ambulance in the Buckingham Palace Road, which can be summoned by telephone. Such ambulances should be multiplied. Much torture to dumb animals and painful sights to sensitive people would thus be obviated. It is a disgrace to our city that fallen and injured horses should lie about the streets for hours, as they do now.

Our Portraits

SIR HENRY MOORE JACKSON, K.C.M.G. (Governor of the Leeward Islands), who has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of Fiji and His Majesty's High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, on the retirement of Sir George T. M. O'Brien, K.C.M.G., was born in 1849 and entered the Royal Artillery, 1870. He has had much Colonial experience in Trinidad, Newfoundland, Sierra Leone, the Bahamas and elsewhere. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Dmitri Sergeevitch Sipiaguine, Russian Minister of the Interior, was shot in the vestibule of the building of the Council of the Empire, while on his way to attend a meeting of the Committee of Ministers. The assassin, who was immediately arrested, said that he had been punished for participation in the disturbances last year at Kieff, where he was a student at the University. For his treatment on that occasion he had vowed vengeance against the Minister. The deceased Minister was a member of a noble and distinguished family, which had long been settled in Moscow. He was born in 1853. In 1891, he was appointed Governor of Moscow. During the following five years he filled in succession the posts of Assistant Minister of the Imperial Domains (1893), Assistant Minister of the Interior (1894), and Chief of the Petitions Chancery (1895). This varied experience of domestic administration, and the success with which M. Sipiaguine had always filled the high positions entrusted to him, marked him out for the portfolio of the Interior, when, in 1899, M. Goremykine retired from office owing to his inability to cope with the student riots.

Dr. De Witt Talmage, D.D., the well-known Presbyterian preacher and author, was born in New Jersey on January 7, 1832. He studied at the University of the City of New York, and graduated at the New Brunswick (New Jersey) Theological Seminary in 1856. In that year he was chosen as pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church at Belleville, and in 1859 he became pastor of a church in Syracuse. From this place he moved in 1862 to Philadelphia. During the Civil War he was chaplain of a Pennsylvania regiment, and until recently he remained chaplain of the 13th New York regiment. In 1869 he became pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church at Brooklyn, and during his tenure of this office he was unfortunate enough to have his church destroyed by fire three times, namely, in 1872, 1890, and 1894. The University of Tennessee conferred on him the degree of D.D. in 1884. Dr. Talmage visited England in 1889, 1892, and again in 1894. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Major-General Lord Dundonald, C.B., succeeds Major-General R. H. O'Grady Haly, C.B., as G.O. commanding the Canadian local forces. The appointment has received hearty approval in Canada, for Lord Dundonald has the advantage of going out to the

Dominion with a high reputation. He has commanded a regiment of Household Cavalry, forced his way at the head of a Colonial contingent into Ladysmith, and is well-known as a successful leader of Colonials in the field. Our portrait is by Robert Faulkner and Co., Baker Street.

Lieutenant-General Augustus William Henry Meyrick, whose death took place on the 26th ult., at his town residence, 9, Wilbraham Place, S.W., was born on October 27, 1826. He was the only son of Colonel W. H. Meyrick, Goodrich Court, Herefordshire, and of Lady Laura Meyrick, sister of the last Duke of Cleveland. General Meyrick was educated at Eton, and joined the Scots Fusilier Guards as ensign and lieutenant in 1846, and obtained his captaincy four years later. He served with his regiment throughout the Crimean war, from 1854 to 1856, and was present at the siege and fall of Sebastopol. He subsequently served with the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards in Canada until 1864, and was afterwards in command of the Brigade Depot at Fort George. In 1876 he went on half-pay, and becoming a major-general in 1877, he retired in 1881 with the honorary rank of lieutenant-general. The late General was a keen and well-known yachtsman. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Dr. Barton's Airship

THE model of the airship, which, when it has advanced from the model to the practical stage, Dr. Barton will submit to the War Office, enables one to see that in general aspect the proposed vessel resembles the navigable balloons of M. Santos-Dumont. There is the same cigar-shaped balloon, the same motor power for forcing the machine in a horizontal direction, and there is also, though this is not apparent, the same inner envelope to the balloon, by filling which with air the balloon can be kept taut to resist wind pressure. There is, however, in Dr. Barton's model a device which is absent from M. Santos Dumont's navigable balloon, and this consists of a system of aeroplanes, between the framework which carries the screw propellers with their motors and the upper part of the ship—the balloon. Another device, invisible in the photographs of the model, is one which is intended to remedy the fatal tendency of navigable ships of this design to tilt. The likelihood of tilting has been lessened by multiplying the propellers—he has in all eighteen propellers, arranged along each side in three sets of three pairs. But, in order to guard against any chance tilting, he has fitted the machine with an ingenious but simple system of water-balance—a tank half-full of water at each end. These tanks are connected with each other by two pipes. In the body of the car there is a pump, worked by a motor, which keeps the water running in a continual circle. In the front of the car there is a contrivance of a pendulum and two cocks. If the ship rises in the stern the pendulum sways towards the bows, and thereby opens wider the pipe through which water is flowing from the bows to the stern, and closes the other proportionately. The result is that the stern tank becomes more than half-full and corrects it once and automatically the tilt which the ship has assumed. This contrivance can be so nicely adjusted that the movement of the pendulum and its effects ensue from so slight a cause as the walking of one of the crew from one part of the car to another. The size of the model may be indicated by saying that the cigar-shaped balloon is about twelve feet in length. The actual balloon will have a cubic capacity of 160,000 feet, and a lifting power of 10,000lb. Its motors of 45 h.p. will weigh in all about 1,000lb. Our photographs are by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace, where the model has been exhibited.



DR. BARTON
Inventor of the new Airship



MODEL OF THE AIRSHIP BEING BUILT BY DR. BARTON

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF THE "RUSSELL" TREATMENT FOR THE CURE OF CORPULENCY.

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MAJOR-GENERAL LORD DUNDONALD
Appointed to command the Canadian Militia



SIR HENRY MOORE JACKSON, K.C.M.G.
New Governor of Fiji

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

It may not be generally known that in the flowery precincts of the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, an excellent work of education for women is carried on. It is here that a practical school for gardening is open to ladies, who may learn all the technical, scientific and useful part of the study of horticulture. The course lasts three years, but students can take only a year's course and need not attend every day if they do not desire a thorough professional training. I cannot imagine a more delightful arrangement than this short course of study for ladies who love their gardens. With regard to those who intend to make gardening their profession, they are as thoroughly equipped for the work as any high-class male gardener, being mistresses of such abstruse matters as drainage, manures, hybridisation and selection, insect pests, and the theory of landscape gardening, in addition to the ordinary culture of plants and flowers. The thoroughness of the scheme seems to commend itself to those who have struggled vainly with the ignorant jobbing gardener, and who have only by a series of bitter mistakes and experiences acquired a smattering of knowledge, and an idea of the soil and the culture required by their favourite plants.

The laundress is an object of universal aversion. Whether she loses things at the wash, sends them home button and stringless or torn to ribbons, beautifully glossy, but rotten like a whited sepulchre; or, simply limp and yellow, she is the cause of weekly annoyance and despair. Men who dress well, women who buy lovely *lingerie*, the homely housewife who cares for her house linen as for her children, and the extravagant lady who trims her tablecloths and sheets with lace, one and all suffer from her depredations and dispute her bills. Why cannot the putting of chemicals into the water be met by the same penalties as the adulteration of food? Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and society demands snowy linen. The question is becoming a serious one, and I hear it stated that a laundry will shortly be formed under the auspices of some great ladies, to meet the demand of those who require well-washed and beautifully starched linen. Time was when a lady's maid advertised as one of her necessary acquirements the "getting-up of fine linen and washing of laces;" now not one in a hundred knows anything about it. Lace is sent to the cleaner's, fine linen to the washerwoman, and splendid havoc they make of them.

London is no paradise for horses, whatever it may be for women. Last week I saw four horses down in the course of half an hour on the same slippery portion of the road. One poor brute, driven with another in a van, was violently kicked when down, by his plunging companion, so that his leg was broken, or at least severely injured. The endeavours of the ignorant if well-meaning helpers to raise him on three legs, his repeated falls, his gasps and pantings, the agony he was suffering, and the gaping curiosity of the crowd that gathered round him, were most painful to witness. He lay there for an hour at least to my knowledge, interrupting the whole traffic of a busy corner, and how much longer he may have lain I know not. No yet came to his assistance, nor did anybody appear to know what to do. I believe there exists now a dépôt for a horse ambulance in the Buckingham Palace Road, which can be summoned by telephone. Such ambulances should be multiplied. Much torture to dumb animals and painful sights to sensitive people would thus be obviated. It is a disgrace to our city that fallen and injured horses should lie about the streets for hours, as they do now.

Our Portraits

SIR HENRY MOORE JACKSON, K.C.M.G. (Governor of the Leeward Islands), who has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of Fiji and His Majesty's High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, on the retirement of Sir George T. M. O'Brien, K.C.M.G., was born in 1849 and entered the Royal Artillery, 1870. He has had much Colonial experience in Trinidad, Newfoundland, Sierra Leone, the Bahamas and elsewhere. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Dmitri Sergeevitch Sipiaguine, Russian Minister of the Interior, was shot in the vestibule of the building of the Council of the Empire, while on his way to attend a meeting of the Committee of Ministers. The assassin, who was immediately arrested, said that he had been punished for participation in the disturbances last year at Kieff, where he was a student at the University. For his treatment on that occasion he had vowed vengeance against the Minister. The deceased Minister was a member of a noble and distinguished family, which had long been settled in Moscow. He was born in 1853. In 1891, he was appointed Governor of Moscow. During the following five years he filled in succession the posts of Assistant Minister of the Imperial Domains (1893), Assistant Minister of the Interior (1894), and Chief of the Petitions Chancery (1895). This varied experience of domestic administration, and the success with which M. Sipiaguine had always filled the high positions entrusted to him, marked him out for the portfolio of the Interior, when, in 1899, M. Goremykine retired from office owing to his inability to cope with the student riots.

Dr. De Witt Talmage, D.D., the well-known Presbyterian preacher and author, was born in New Jersey on January 7, 1832. He studied at the University of the City of New York, and graduated at the New Brunswick (New Jersey) Theological Seminary in 1856. In that year he was chosen as pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church at Belleville, and in 1859 he became pastor of a church in Syracuse. From this place he moved in 1862 to Philadelphia. During the Civil War he was chaplain of a Pennsylvania regiment, and until recently he remained chaplain of the 13th New York regiment. In 1869 he became pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church at Brooklyn, and during his tenure of this office he was unfortunate enough to have his church destroyed by fire three times, namely, in 1872, 1890, and 1894. The University of Tennessee conferred on him the degree of D.D. in 1884. Dr. Talmage visited England in 1889, 1892, and again in 1894. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Major-General Lord Dundonald, C.B., succeeds Major-General R. H. O'Grady Haly, C.B., as G.O. commanding the Canadian local forces. The appointment has received hearty approval in Canada, for Lord Dundonald has the advantage of going out to the

Dominion with a high reputation. He has commanded a regiment of Household Cavalry, forced his way at the head of a Colonial contingent into Ladysmith, and is well-known as a successful leader of Colonials in the field. Our portrait is by Robert Faulkner and Co., Baker Street.

Lieutenant-General Augustus William Henry Meyrick, whose death took place on the 26th ult., at his town residence, 9, Wilbraham Place, S.W., was born on October 27, 1826. He was the only son of Colonel W. H. Meyrick, Goodrich Court, Herefordshire, and of Lady Laura Meyrick, sister of the last Duke of Cleveland. General Meyrick was educated at Eton, and joined the Scots Fusilier Guards as ensign and lieutenant in 1846, and obtained his captaincy four years later. He served with his regiment throughout the Crimean war, from 1854 to 1856, and was present at the siege and fall of Sebastopol. He subsequently served with the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards in Canada until 1864, and was afterwards in command of the Brigade Depot at Fort George. In 1876 he went on half-pay, and becoming a major-general in 1877, he retired in 1881 with the honorary rank of lieutenant-general. The late General was a keen and well-known yachtsman. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

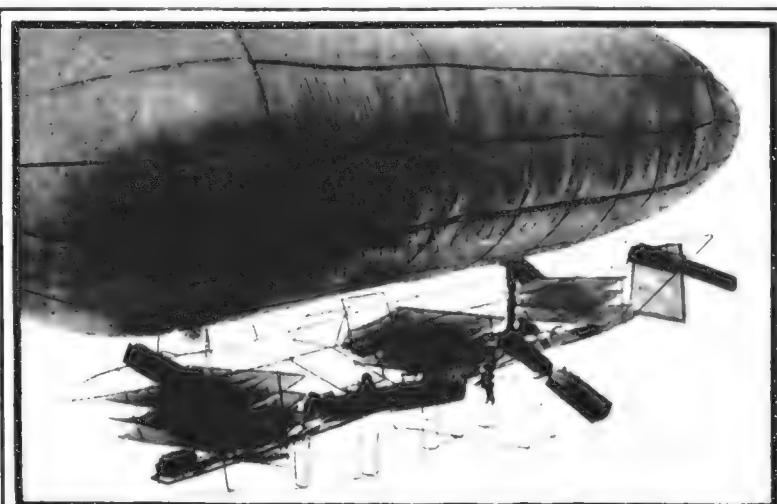
Dr. Barton's Airship

THE model of the airship, which, when it has advanced from the model to the practical stage, Dr. Barton will submit to the War Office, enables one to see that in general aspect the proposed vessel resembles the navigable balloons of M. Santos-Dumont. There is the same cigar-shaped balloon, the same motor power for forcing the machine in a horizontal direction, and there is also, though this is not apparent, the same inner envelope to the balloon, by filling which with air the balloon can be kept taut to resist wind pressure. There is, however, in Dr. Barton's model a device which is absent from M. Santos Dumont's navigable balloon, and this consists of a system of aeroplanes, between the framework which carries the screw propellers with their motors and the upper part of the ship—the balloon. Another device, invisible in the photographs of the model, is one which is intended to remedy the fatal tendency of navigable ships of this design to tilt. The likelihood of tilting has been lessened by multiplying the propellers—he has in all eighteen propellers, arranged along each side in three sets of three pairs. But, in order to guard against any chance tilting, he has fitted the machine with an ingenious but simple system of water-balance—a tank half-full of water at each end. These tanks are connected with each other by two pipes. In the body of the car there is a pump, worked by a motor, which keeps the water running in a continual circle. In the front of the car there is a contrivance of a pendulum and two cocks. If the ship rises in the stern the pendulum sways towards the bows, and thereby opens wider the pipe through which

water is flowing from the bows to the stern, and closes the other proportionately. The result is that the stern tank becomes more than half-full and corrects it once and automatically the tilt which the ship has assumed. This contrivance can be so nicely adjusted that the movement of the pendulum and its effects ensue from so slight a cause as the walking of one of the crew from one part of the car to another. The size of the model may be indicated by saying that the cigar-shaped balloon is about twelve feet in length. The actual balloon will have a cubic capacity of 160,000 feet, and a lifting power of 10,000lb. Its motors of 35 h.p. will weigh in all about 1,000lb. Our photographs are by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace, where the model has been exhibited.



DR. BARTON
Inventor of the new Airship



MODEL OF THE AIRSHIP BEING BUILT BY DR. BARTON

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF THE "RUSSELL" TREATMENT FOR THE CURE OF CORPULENCY.

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An International Rowing Cup

LORD O'BRIEN, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, has, in conjunction with others interested in sport, promised to provide a cup as a prize for an international rowing contest, to be held next July on the River Lee.



The cup, which is of silver, and worth 250*l.*, is in the form of a vase. From a circular base, ornamented with a band of Celtic tracery, there rises a slender tapering stem composed of three dolphins intertwined. From the stem springs the body of the cup, which is divided into two sections, the lower part being enriched with four winged sea-horses, forming flying buttresses, while the upper portion is profusely decorated with draped flags, oars, shells and marine plants, in the midst of which are two shields in the form of lifebuoys. Seated on either side of the body are figures of a merman and mermaid, the latter resting against the edge of the lid, round which runs a border of shamrock leaves, the whole being surmounted by a group composed of Neptune with his trident driving a team of sea-horses. The cup has been specially designed and is being manufactured by West and Son, Dublin.

Our Bookshelf

"WOMAN THE SPHINX"

Two women who are really one woman is a paradox in plot-making that is not without precedent. Never, however, was any one woman so completely two women as the lady in Mr. Fergus Hume's "Woman the Sphinx" (John Long), who was at once, and at the same time, Agnes Jersome, the saintly daughter of a country parson, and, under the name of Lais, the most notorious of Parisian courtesans. Her own way of accounting for her double nature was the inheritance of bad blood from the Stuarts—a theory which may, perhaps, help Mr. Andrew Lang through the difficulty of identifying the Mary Stuart of Holyrood with the Mary Stuart of Fotheringay. This extraordinary young person—Agnes, that is to say, not her



A Coronation medal, designed by Mr. Frank Bowcher, to whom the King granted a special sitting for his portrait, is now being offered for sale by Messrs. Spink and Son, who have executed the work. The obverse presents the portrait of their Majesty, the reverse represents Britannia holding aloft the Imperial Crown and hastening towards Westminster Abbey, accompanied by her Colonies, which are represented as children attired in their native costumes. On the extreme left are Africa, Australasia (accompanied by her kangaroo), then America and Asia. To the right of Britannia is a figure of Europe, supporting the Trident and Union Shield. The Colonies are grouped together by a garland of flowers representing the festivities and rejoicings on the happy event.

A CORONATION MEDAL.

equally sphinx-like ancestress—falls in love with a young gentleman whom she sends to herself in Paris to disgust him with herself at home, in order to save him from both herself the saint and herself the sinner; and naturally succeeds but ill, until a chronic complaint of neurasthenia, terminating in paralysis and death, sets him free to devote himself to politico-philanthropy. We cannot describe the story as enjoyable, but we presume that Mr. Hume's purpose was to startle rather than to please.

"I CROWN THREE KING"

If Mr. Max Pemberton intended his romance of Sherwood (Methuen and Co.) to compete with those of everybody's Robin Hood or of Ivanhoe's Locksley, he is to be congratulated on his courage. His hero, Roy, Count of Brives, popularly called "King of Calverton," is an outlawed gentleman who ruled the Forest while Mary Tudor reigned over England; won a beautiful heiress by way of a jest, which turned into serious and, indeed, desperate earnest; and, coming to London, won the Queen's pardon by his loyal service in the suppression of Wyatt's rebellion. There can be no doubt but that the novel will please.

"THE DEAD INGLEBY"

Mr. Tom Gallon imitates Dickens fairly well. Perhaps it is because he has been told so with it, may be, irritating iteration that he plunges into so uncharacteristic a tale as "The Dead Ingleby" (Hutchinson and Co.)—a tissue of impossible adventures and situations too incoherent for description, and almost making the reader question whether what he is taking for a serious story may not, after all, be burlesque in disguise. The action mainly takes place among a band of Italian brigands, and is chiefly concerned with the wanderings from hand to hand of an invalid will. Mr. Gallon's name on a title has become so much of an attraction that our disappointment in the present instance cannot fail to be keenly



The oil-tank vessel "Nerite," owned by the Shell Transport and Trading Company, Limited, was a steel three-masted screw steamer of 4,863 tons, and was built by Armstrong, Mitchell and Co., in 1895. She left Batoum on March 7 for the East, with a cargo of petroleum, and all went well until she reached the Suez Canal on the 17th. In passing through the Great Bitter Lake she grounded and caught fire. All efforts to extinguish the flames were without effect, and the vessel was abandoned. The burning oil poured all over the lake, and for a time stopped the traffic. The steamer became a total loss. The volume of smoke was so dense that it was visible from both ends of the Canal. The value of the steamer and cargo was 100,000*l.* Our photograph is by G. B. Kerr.

A PETROLEUM STEAMER IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

shared. If he is weary of his portion of the mantle of his master, so are not we.

"THE STAR-SAPPHIRE"

The gem which gives its title to Mabel Collins's (Mrs. Cook's) novel (Anthony Treherne and Co.) is a variety of sapphire which, when cut in the manner technically termed *en cabochon*, shows a six-rayed star through its otherwise somewhat cloudy grey. It serves, therefore, as a simile for the soul of one Laurence Monkwell ("Laurence" to be read as feminine), originally imperceptible through a dull opacity of agnosticism, pessimism and *ennui*. Under what influence the star is brought into brilliant light, nobody who deserves to be a novel-reader needs to be told. Unfortunately, Philip Tempest, the exciser of the influence, is not merely married—that would imply no danger to kindred spirits of so lofty an order—but married to a victim of dipsomania in its most hideous and incurable form. The gradual degradation of Clare Tempest, the wife, to its deepest depths, and the heroic endeavours of Philip to save her from herself and to hide her shame are admirably described.

"MICHAEL FERRIER"

E. Frances Poynter's "Michael Ferrier" (Macmillan and Co.) is the melancholy history of an amiable young poet, who was unlucky enough to kill a rival in a scuffle with a revolver, and spent his short married life in dying of rapid consumption. The strength of the story is not much greater than its hero's; but its heroine is portrayed with sympathy, and it is exceptionally well written.

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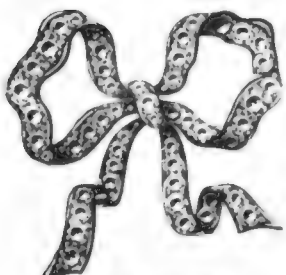
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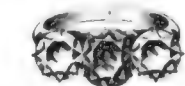
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TO DAY

is, as it always has been,

The best soap

Its use entails **NO** SCRUBBING;

NO TOILING; **NO** BOILING;

RUB A LITTLE ON THE LINEN, .

LET IT SOAK FOR AWHILE,

RINSE IN CLEAN WATER

**THATS
ALL!**



The Sunlight Way



LEVER BROTHERS, LTD. PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.

"WILLIAM BLACK" *

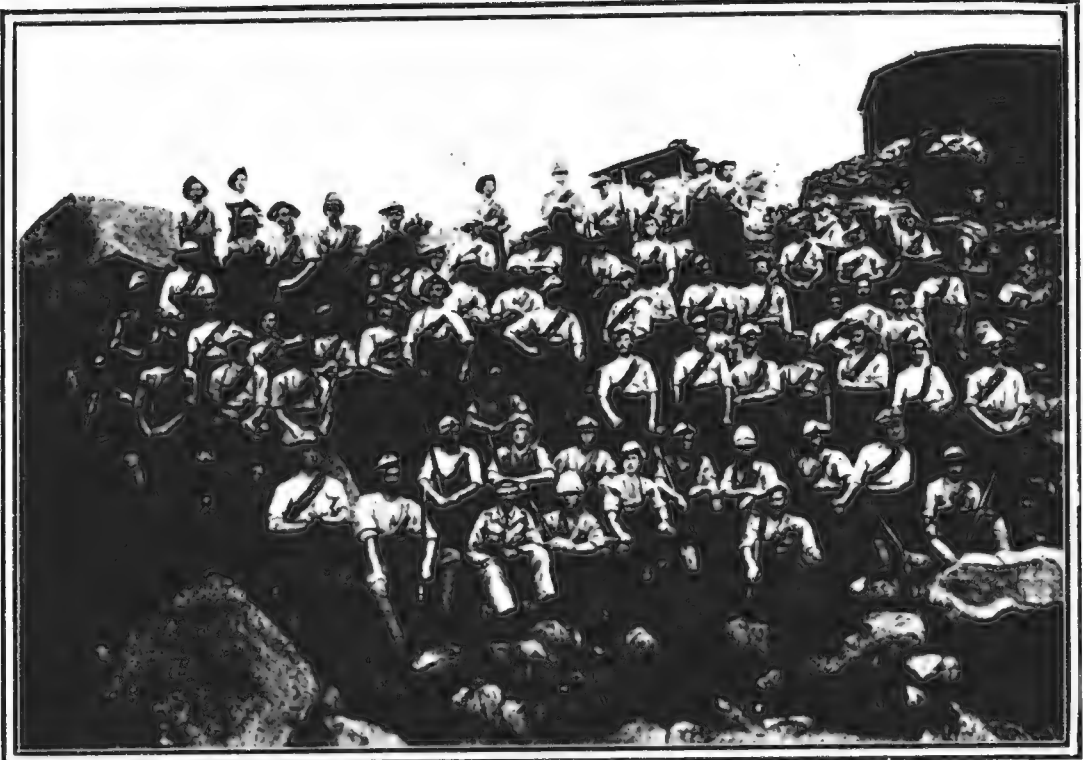
After reading Sir Wemyss Reid's sympathetic and tactful biography of his friend one cannot but feel that William Black was a singularly fortunate as well as a singularly charming man. A young Glasgow journalist, he came to London and speedily made for himself a satisfactory position, while he had only written two or three novels when he attained a position which ensured him freedom from all financial cares for the rest of his life. "A Daughter of Heth," his first great success, was published anonymously in consequence, it is said, of the severe attacks which had been made on the author's earlier efforts. It met with an instantaneous and universal acceptance, and from the time of its appearance Black's fortune was made. From that day until he died he had a large and influential following, and though in England his last stories were not the successes of those which first endeared him to the great reading public, an increasing popularity in America more than atoned for any slackening of appreciation in England. The "Princess of Thule," "Strange Adventures of a Phanton," "Madcap Violet" and "Macleod of Dare," these are the stories by which William Black will longest be remembered, and coming, as they did, at a time when Scotland had not been exploited by the somewhat wearisome "Kailyard" gang, their freshness, imagination, and admirable descriptive passages appealed to everyone with wonderful force. A most conscientious writer, he took his characters no less than his scenery with intense seriousness. He would make long journeys to study the one, and he would, so to speak, live with the others until their existence became to him amazingly real. Few novelists, perhaps, have felt more vividly the reality of their creations, and his reward came in the intense interest with which readers all over the world followed their fortunes. Particularly these readers resented the tragic endings which the novelist's Celtic temperament caused him to indulge in so frequently, and one piece of criticism in this connection is as amusing as it is convincing:—

"I will tell you why the ending of your story is unnecessary," said a well-known physician; "I have gone carefully through the case as you present it, and from my diagnosis I feel confident that if I had been called in I could have cured him."

Rather shy and reserved in manner, among his intimates, and he had many, William Black was a man of remarkable charm. Those who attended the famous lunches at the Reform Club, and the informal gatherings at Paston House, when he removed to Brighton, could testify to this, while very few of those who knew him well understood quite the kindly nature of the man or the lengths to which his generosity would take him. Nothing better illustrates this than his behaviour towards his great journalistic friend, William Barry, when himself he was in the height of his success. When Barry fell ill, Black voluntarily did his work as correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*, on condition that his friend received his salary, and, says Sir Wemyss Reid:—

More than once when going to visit Barry at his lodgings at Brixton I have encountered Black on his way to the same place dressed with his usual care and neatness, a frock-coated figure more suited to Piccadilly on a summer afternoon than to the unfashionable southern suburb; and always he carried with him, regardless of appearances, some gift for the dying man, now a hare dangling in dangerous proximity to the smartly cut coat, and now a basin of jelly or soup

* "William Black: A Biography." By Wemyss Reid. (Cassell and Co.)



A terrible railway accident occurred near Barborton on March 30. The usual train left that place at eight o'clock. When it had got one mile out the driver lost control of the engine while it was on the down grade. For three miles the train dashed along at the rate of eighty miles an hour. Then came a sharp curve. The engine jumped the rails, the boiler bursting as the locomotive fell over. The driver and the stoker were killed on the spot. Six trucks filled with a detachment of the Hampshire Regiment were smashed to pieces, and thirty-five soldiers were killed instantaneously. One civilian was also killed. Over forty injured soldiers were brought back to the hospital in ambulance wagons. Six have since died of their injuries. Included in the detachment of the Hampshire was the Volunteer Company, which lost eight killed and twenty-seven wounded. The company was commanded by Captain R. V. Grant, 5th V.B. Hants Regiment (Princess Beatrice's Isle of Wight Rifles). Captain Grant was unhurt. He is the third man from the left end of the front row in the picture. Our photograph is by Byerley

THE 2ND VOL. COMPANY 2ND HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT, WHO WERE IN THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR BARBORTON

which somehow or other harmonised still less with his general appearance than the hare did. The world never saw this side of Black's character, never even guessed at its existence. Still less did the men who, envious of his sudden rise to fame and fortune, sneered at him as a dandy and charged him with being absorbed in the pursuit of his own ends, imagine that he was earning by the work of his own pen the money which kept his friend in comfort during the last sad days of his short life. This was the real Black however—the Black who was never visible to the writers of personal sketches in the newspapers or the casual acquaintances who saw in him only the literary lion of the season. Barry died, and Black was relieved from his self-imposed toil. But the offer which he had in the first place rejected for the sake of his friend was renewed. He became associated with the *Leeds Mercury* as one of its regular London contributors, and, as a consequence, he was able to give up the *Daily News*, and the servitude of nightly attendance at the office in Bouverie Street. He still, however, retained one post in connection with the *Daily News*. This was

the position of Art Critic, one which he held for many years and greatly valued.

Akin to this story of what Black did for William Barry was his action towards another friend of his engaged in literary work in London. This was Charles Gibbon, the novelist:—

During the severe illness of this gentleman, Black found that he was in great distress because he was unable to proceed with a novel which he had undertaken to complete by a certain date. He questioned him as to his intentions with regard to the characters of the story and the development of the plot, and having learned what he wanted, set to work at once and finished Gibbon's story before he put pen to paper on his own account.

As his biographer says very truly, it is only those who have to make their living by their pens who quite understand how much these actions mean.

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Excitement, Feverish Colds, Chills, Fevers, Blood Poisons, Throat Irritation, &c., Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic and other Blood Poisons, Influenza, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c., use



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(August 8th, 1900.)

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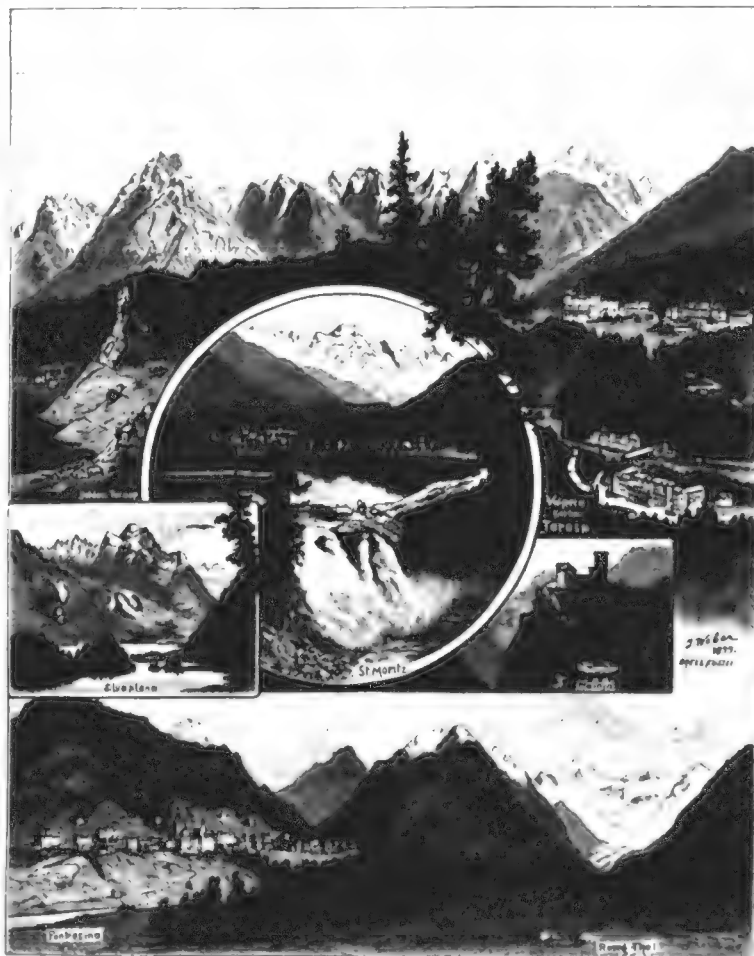
SEASON from MAY 15th to SEPTEMBER 30th.

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3. From **MERAN**, in connection with Verona, Trient, one day's coach ride.
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Further particulars readily given by the Various Hotels, the Tarasper Bade-Verwaltung, and the Verkehrsbureau in Tarasp-Kurhaus.

"FOMA GORDYEEFF"

Maxim Gorky, the author of "Foma Gordyeff" (translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Haggood. T. Fisher Unwin), is an interesting personality. Now only in his thirty-fifth year, his outfit of experience is enough to set up a dozen novelists in business for life. An orphan at about eight years old, he ran away from service with a shoemaker, and again from apprenticeship to a draughtsman, and entered the workshop of a manufacturer of holy pictures. Then he worked as cook's boy on a Volga steamer, and then became assistant to a gardener. At fifteen, consumed with a thirst for knowledge, he went to Kazan, but got no nearer to its University than a bakery, where he served as a journeyman. Then he peddled apples; then worked in the docks; then got a place as watchman on a railway; then became a dealer in Bavarian beer; then a lawyer's clerk; then a journalist; finally a successful writer of fiction. Meanwhile he has found time to be in prison seven or eight times as a political offender. "Foma Gordyeff," his first long novel, is the story of the only son of an insane father and an idiotic mother, Foma himself being comparable to nothing but a drunken baboon. The bulk of the novel, which seems intended for an indictment of the trading class, is occupied with the creature's wanderings, in and out of his cups, about what he was made for, a question which he fails to solve till he gets the answer which every reader will have anticipated—namely, a mere sot, alternating between mania and imbecility. Of interest to ordinary men and women the four hundred and fifty close pages of frantic, incoherent and often coarsely conceived rant contain not a word. They convey the impression that the author regards his fellow-creatures, or at any rate his compatriots, as wallowing in a degradation of body, mind and soul, to which that of the Vahous was cleanly and refined. The novel is the work of one who, without a spark of humour, or—despite his experience—any real knowledge of human nature, is gifted with a tremendous capacity for swearing at large. And that, we must conclude, is the secret of a popularity in Russia of the sort which its rendering into excellent American may possibly extend elsewhere.

"A WELSH WITCH"

"Allen Raine" is *par excellence* the interpreter of Wales and its ways and its people to English readers, and there is assuredly no falling off, in "A Welsh Witch: a Romance of Rough Places" (Hutchinson and Co.), of the charm that delighted every reader of "Torn Sails," and of its still too few successors. It is the true Celtic charm—the perception, as by a sixth sense, of the poetry that underlies the commonest things and hides in the commonest souls; or, rather, which refuses to apply such a word as "common" to anything that is real. In the present case, the story is in itself romantic enough, and sufficiently outside every-day experience, to make the magic somewhat easier than on former occasions; but it is certainly none the less there. Its main course is the portrait of Catrin, regarded by the countryside as part witch and part half-witted; in reality rendered strange by a strain of gypsy blood, and only waiting for love's key to unlock the treasures of her heart and mind. Not wholly new in conception, in her portrayal she is wholly new. Her evolution is too much made up of separate episodes to put, like a regularly constructed plot, into a few words. It must suffice to say that every episode is complete in itself, and is replete with that national colour and sentiment which confer upon Allen Raine's novels their principal distinction.

Miniature Living Landscapes

A TALK WITH MRS. ERNEST HART

"HOWEVER do you do it?" is the question constantly asked me when I show the miniature landscapes I create, representing scenes from well-known English Parks, or Scotch Moors, or the distant Tropics. "It only requires three things, namely, a lively imagination, deft fingers, and some knowledge of the art of dwarfing trees."

"Ah, that's the thing! How did you learn? I thought the art of dwarfing trees was only known to the Japanese."

"Well, I learnt what they had to teach, or what they were willing to teach, and I found out the rest."

"Now tell me exactly how you set about dwarfing a tree."

"I first select small, vigorous trees which I think will stand the process of dwarfing, for, poor little things, they have much to stand, as I bully them sadly. I confine their roots in small pots, so that they are pot-bound. In the Spring, the tree is taken out of the pot, and its roots are carefully pared. But it is not, even now, allowed to grow according to its own sweet will, for the young shoots must be pinched back, the branches clipped and pruned, and then bent or twisted to exactly suit the landscape picture I have in my mind's eye, in which I mean to plant my tree. When planted in one of my miniature landscapes, the conditions necessary to ensure dwarfing have been carefully obtained under the surface of the soil."

"But surely some of the ancient trees which are such striking objects in some of your miniature landscapes—as in the scene from Knowle Park, recently shown at the Conduit Street Galleries, in which a hollow gnarled old beech tree stood on a mossy hill—are not dwarfed by you?"

"Oh, dear no, the tree that you mention was about thirty years old! I get many such trees from Japan, where dwarfing has been practised for hundreds of years. My art as a landscape gardener then consists in adapting the tree to its imagined surroundings. I was bicycling through Kent last summer, and brought back with me various vivid memories of Knowle Park, the road to Knockholt, the rocks near Tunbridge Wells, etc., and I at once set to work to create in miniature the scenes of which the impressions were still fresh; with what success the recent exhibition has shown."

"It is very interesting; and what about the scenes in which you introduce water in the form of lakes, pools, dripping wells, etc.?"

"Ah, they are more difficult to make, as they necessitate genuine building on a minute scale. A bricklayer at work at my place taught me how to make and lay cement, and I think you will find all my cliffs, islands and wells thoroughly soundly built up. Sometimes the patience required in building up these tiny structures is infinite. I took down 'The Dripping Well' two or three times before I could make the drops fall exactly where I wanted them to, but I succeeded at last by making minute cement channels under the moss. I have many water scenes in my mind which I mean to realise as soon as I can find time."

"Then you mean to go on making these miniature landscapes?"

"Yes; I find it a most fascinating occupation; the only thing that stops me from time to time is the want of dishes, or *jardinières*, in which to build my creations. Miss Vulliamy, the clever lady who designs quaint pottery, made me some of my dishes, and I get them wherever I can, in Japan or on the Continent. I often turn into a *jardinière* a dish made for a very different purpose."

"Now tell me something about the dwarf blossoming trees which are always such a characteristic feature of your exhibitions."

"You must know that in Japan it is not the custom to pluck flowers and make a nosegay of them, as we do here. There is there a real art of arranging flowers, which has its well-defined rules, the main principle of which is, that a flower should not be separated, for decorative purposes, from its natural surroundings, namely, the leaves, the stem and the branches. The Japanese, who adore the spring-blossoming fruit trees, and cultivate them for their blossoms, not for their fruits (as we do), pluck great branches of these trees and fix them singly between clips in vases, or place an entire tree, dwarfed to minute dimensions and laden with blossoms, in their rooms. I was greatly struck with this charming fashion when I was in Japan, and I remember well being in Tokio one Easter Sunday, when flanking the aisle up to the altar were rows of dwarf trees, bearing thousands of the beautiful blooms of the double cherry. But no one seemed to think them of any account, admiration being reserved for the dishes of English primroses that had been cultivated with success so far from their native home. Years afterwards I remembered the beautiful little dwarf blossoming trees, determined to introduce them into England, and have successfully done so."

"Do they require great care?"

"They require immense care when they first arrive. You may imagine that when tiny trees have been boxed up in the dark for two months for a journey by land and sea of 13,000 miles, they are likely to suffer. They require nursing like sick children, and to each is accorded a different treatment as the case requires. Some need light, others protection from the sun; some need heat, others the shelter of a cold house. They have to be tended daily, almost hourly, and the roots watched to see when healthy root-action has begun, when the tree can then be potted up. But they are not yet ready for exhibition, and we often have to keep the trees one, two, or even more, years till the roots are thoroughly established and the tree blossoms freely."

"How do you keep blossoming trees during the winter?"

"In the open air all the winter. They are plunged, china-pot and all, in ashes on the south side of a wall or of a greenhouse, and are left there without watering. The valuable cedars we give the protection of a cold house, and, of course, the tropical plants, the *Cycas Revoluta*, *Lagerstramia Indica*, *Dwarf Bananas*, etc., must be kept in a house of the temperature of about 60 deg."

"And how are the trees kept dwarfed?"

"By paring the roots in the spring, as I have stated, and by judicious pruning and disbudding; the grafted maples should be pruned back in January, the blossoming cherry, plum and peach trees and the wisterias should be spurred back in midsummer, so as to preserve the shape of the trees, and the young shoots of the larches must be pinched back according to the shape and size of the tree desired. Of course all weeds and grasses which would grow out of proportion must be pulled up in the miniature scenes, while in the conifers a certain amount of disbudding is necessary."

"One more question. How do you find time to do all this interesting work of tree cultivation and landscape-gardening, together with the other things your name is associated with—writing books, painting pictures, and manufacturing homespun and linens and Coronation decorations?"

"Ah! that is my own secret; I have a private little factory of time, of hours spent mostly otherwise than in work."

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A GREAT SCIENTIFIC INVENTION

Salt Converted into Soda and Bleaching Powder by the Electric Current.

ON March 8 some three hundred ladies and gentlemen visited the new works of the Electrolytic Alkali Co., Ltd., at Middlewich, in Cheshire. This party consisted largely of shareholders, besides a number of journalists, chemists, electricians, and others interested in the production of alkali.

The Electrolytic Alkali Co., Ltd., was the first offspring of the General Electrolytic Parent Co., Ltd., of Farnworth, Widnes, and was formed in 1899 for the working on a large scale of the "Hargreaves-Bird" electrolytic process for the manufacture of chlorine and soda salts. The works of the company are in the outskirts of Middlewich, situated on the banks of the River Weaver, in the heart of the salt district, and, as the accompanying illustration, Fig. 1, indicates, there is plenty of space available for extensions, the area of land at the company's disposal being 73 acres in extent. Of these thirteen are covered by buildings of various kinds, which are invariably substantial structures, conveniently arranged and admirably equipped for the purposes they have to serve.

The principal building is that known as the cell-room, in which the chlorine and soda are produced, and of which two illustrations are given herewith, Fig. 2 showing a longitudinal view of a range of cells. In the cell-room there are 56 cells now in use which constitutes a working unit, and the company's present scheme is to have five such units installed. The illustration, Fig. 3, shows the bleaching powder chambers; and to these various departments detailed reference will be made later.

The power house is a spacious building which now contains two pairs of compound condensing engines, each representing 420 h.p., and supply motive power to four dynamos by Messrs. Ernest Scott and Mountain, Limited, Newcastle-on-Tyne. These dynamos, which produce the electric current used throughout the works, run at 400 revolutions per minute, and develop 2,300 amperes, at a pressure of 60 volts. Steam for the engines is provided by a battery of Lancashire boilers, by Messrs. Beeley, of Hyde, and four of these were under steam and in some cases mechanical stoking was employed.

Common salt is, as everyone knows, largely found at Middlewich, where there are brine springs yielding an unlimited supply of water simply saturated with common salt. Salt is, as most people know, a chemical compound of sodium and chlorine, the one the principal constituent in soda, and the other the active agent in bleaching powder. The great problem of the chemist was how to dissolve this union, and in electricity—that agent which is fast becoming so facile a servant of man—was found the means for doing this. By its aid, and with that alone, as with a knife, the two component parts of salt may be separated, and the sodium, or its oxide soda, torn away from the chlorine with which it is interlocked. All that is needed in effecting this is to submit the salt as brine to a suitable current of electricity, and both these substances may be produced unmixed and pure. Thus no other material than the brine itself and electric current are needed for the production of soda and chlorine, and the salt so used in its cheapest form being that brine pumped up from its native bed, the salt of which—delivered into the actual apparatus for the factory—costs no more than about threepence per ton, as against seven shillings, the usual price for the rough salt used in the other Alkali Works.

The general appearance of the cell used in the "Hargreaves-Bird" process is shown in the illustration of the cell-room (Fig. 2). It is a tall, narrow vessel, measuring 10 feet by 5 feet, and the diaphragms consist of sheets of asbestos composition, non-porous in the ordinary sense of the term, and covered with copper-gauze wire. The cell is divided by a partition which consists of two of these diaphragms, and each diaphragm is kept in position by a hollow box. When the two boxes and the inner vessel are clamped together one electrolytic cell is formed. In practice the diaphragm remains practically non-porous until the wall of the cell is electrically excited, when it becomes porous, or sufficiently so to allow atoms of sodium to pass through.

The action which takes place may be thus described: as soon as a current passes between the copper gauze and a number of pieces of gas-carbon, which are secured together by means

of leaden bindings, dipping in the salt solution, and which constitute the anode, chlorine is evolved from the latter, while on the outside of the partition, which has now become porous, by reason of the passage of the current, soda solution or sodium hydrate makes its appearance. This soda solution is washed off as soon as it is formed by means of a current of steam directed against the outside of the porous partition. When carbonated soda is desired, a mixture of steam and carbonic acid gas is substituted for the steam alone, the gas being derived from the introduction of the products of combustion from the coal used in firing the boiler furnaces. The stream which trickles out at one side of the cell is a solution of carbonate of soda, which is so strong that, with a little more concentration, it can be crystallised right away. It is, therefore, conveyed to vats, where the liquor gradually settles and the soda hardens into a crystalline mass of high commercial purity. It is then broken up into fragments of convenient size, elevated to the hoppers shown, and thence put into sacks and weighed for despatch by rail to varying destinations. The London and North Western Railway have a siding which intersects the works, and provides convenient facilities for the transport of the raw materials used at these works and of the finished articles of production.

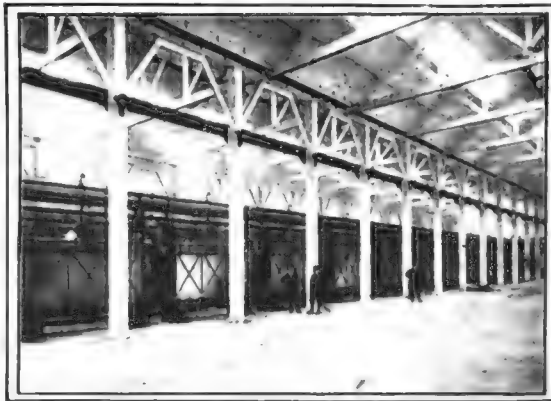


FIG. 2.—CELL-ROOM AT THE WORKS OF THE ELECTROLYTIC ALKALI CO., LTD. LONGITUDINAL VIEW

Fresh brine circulates through the cell, and the chlorine gas and the overflow pass into a separating chamber, from which the chlorine is extracted by means of a fan, the delivery taking place into ordinary bleaching powder chambers. As the result of investigation and test, it is satisfactory to find that the independent testimony of chemical experts is highly favourable to the working of, and the character of the results

obtained by, the "Hargreaves-Bird" process. Professor William Ramsay, of University College, London, who describes the process as "one of the most beautiful I have ever seen," emphasises the important fact that its employment results in a total absence of waste products. "The brine," he says, "yields nothing but caustic or carbonated soda and bleaching powder; and," he adds, "the soda produced is of high purity."

Meanwhile the chlorine gas has been conveyed in pipes carried on an elevated platform to the chambers, in which it is brought into contact with lime. The resulting product is chloride of lime, or bleaching powder, so indispensable in paper making and other industries. The lime stone, which hails from Derbyshire quarries, is burnt, slaked, and otherwise prepared, and

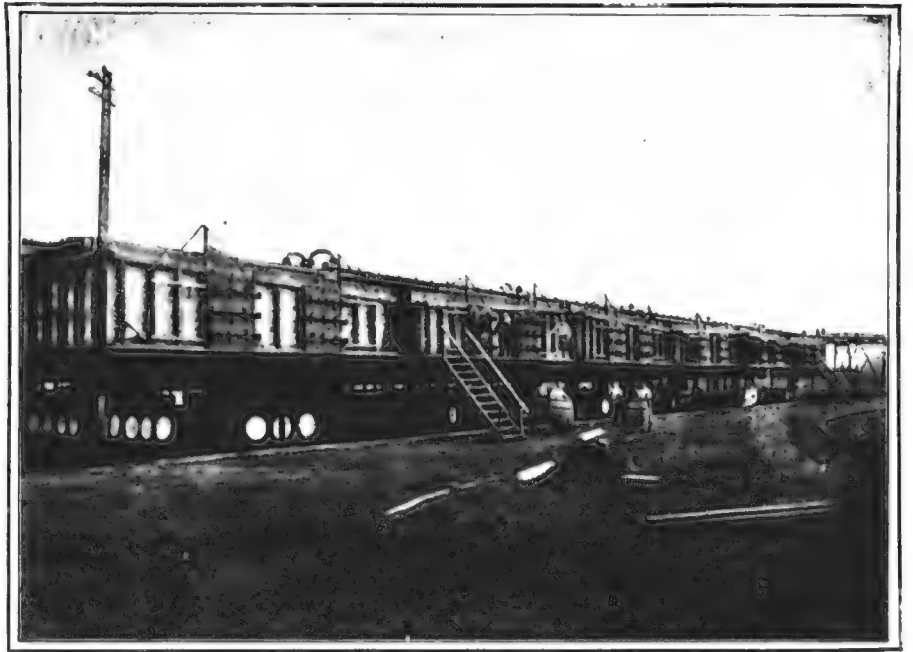


FIG. 3.—THE MANUFACTURE OF BLEACHING POWDER AT THE WORKS: A RANGE OF CHAMBERS

carefully deposited in the chambers. The chlorine is then introduced, and the chambers closely sealed, remaining in this condition for several days, the gas and powder doing their own work without manipulation or attendance, and presenting, as seen through a small window in each chamber, an uncanny greenish-yellow hue. The simplicity and economy of the process are both striking. The salt in the form of brine costs only about 2d. or 3d. a ton delivered into the cells, while by the Leblanc process the solid salt required costs two or three times as many shillings. Practically no hand labour is needed, and the result is a surprisingly small wages list, as compared with those of other alkali works. Then the huge waste heaps characteristic of the latter are also wanting, for there is practically no waste. These various economies, not the only ones which the "Hargreaves-Bird" system renders practicable, necessarily combine to offer a larger margin of profit, and render it possible to supply the market at lower but still remunerative rates. When the contemplated extension of the plant to 250 cells is effected, it is estimated that the annual production will be about 12,800 tons of bleaching powder and 18,000 tons of crystals, or its equivalent in soda ash, caustic soda, bicarbonate of soda, chlorates, and other materials which may be obtained by the "Hargreaves-Bird" process, and the average cost of production is put at about 45s. per ton of mixed products.

The Chairman of the Company delivered a short address to the visitors, in the course of which he outlined the nature of the operations in which the company was engaged, and the results which so far had been obtained. The company's works were built, he said, on land under which was a deposit of rock salt 180 feet thick. They had their supplies of brine, therefore, on the spot. The works were started on a practical scale in April last year. In the cell-room there was now working one unit, or 56 cells, 12 out of each 14 of which were always in operation at one time, the remaining two being held in reserve. Their present scheme was to have a total of 250 cells, or five times the present plant. From four and a half months' working of the

one unit there had resulted a profit of 1,242l., equivalent to a profit at the rate of 3,170l. per annum, and during part of the time only a few of the cells were in actual operation. With the same plant they had earned profit at the rate of between 7,000l. and 8,000l. per annum. With the same ratio of profits and five units working, they would earn sufficient to pay



JAMES HARGREAVES, F.R.S.

7 per cent. on 100,000l. preference shares, or double the existing issue, and more than 16 per cent. on the ordinary shares, when the further 100,000l. contemplated was subscribed. The profits made already in 10½ months' working are sufficient to pay a dividend on the existing ordinary shares and 7 per cent. on the preference shares. At present the capacity of their plant was quite unequal to cope with the demands for their products.

We are indebted to the *World's Paper Trade Review* for a portion of this interesting description of the works of the Electrolytic Alkali Company, Limited, and explanation of the process of converting brine into soda and bleaching powder. This wonderful process has also its commercial side, and its financial prospects are of the rosiest. In the daily papers on Monday, the 21st inst., there will appear the Prospectus in regard to a further issue of 100,000 shares of 1l. each, nearly the whole of which will be available for the erection of additional machinery and buildings and for working capital. Application for Prospectus should be addressed to the Secretary, Electrolytic Alkali Company, Limited, Middlewich.

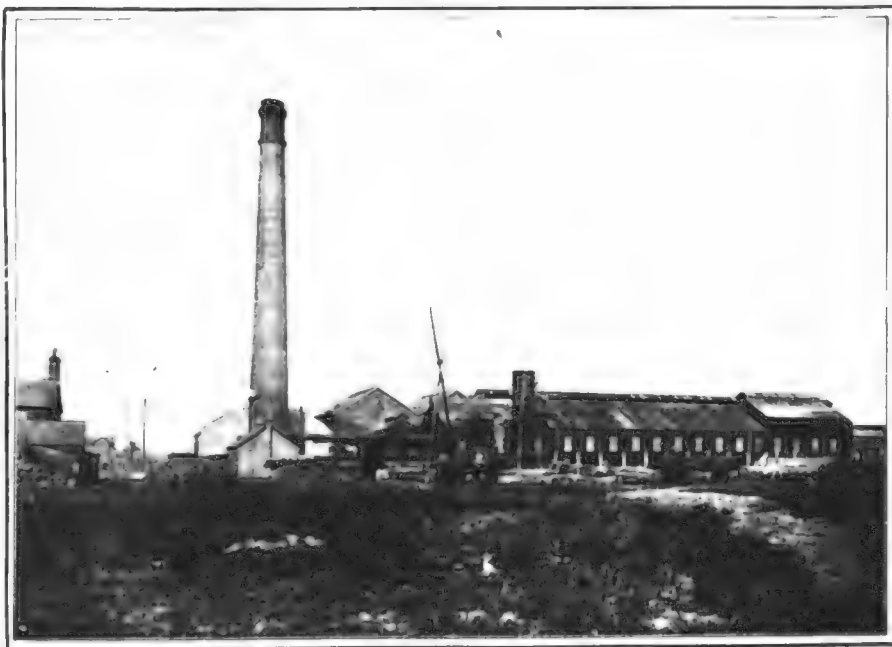


FIG. 1.—GENERAL VIEW OF NEW WORKS OF THE ELECTROLYTIC ALKALI CO., LTD., MIDDLEWICH, CHESHIRE



COMMANDER C. SELATER



LIEUTENANT J. B. MASON



LIEUTENANT H. WINTHROP



LIEUTENANT H. V. T. PROCTER

OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "CONDOR," WHICH IS BELIEVED TO HAVE FOUNDERED WITH ALL HANDS OFF VANCOUVER'S ISLAND

The Loss of the "Condor"

THE sloop *Condor*, which is now officially regarded as having been lost, was not the little vessel which Lord Charles Beresford made famous at Alexandria, but her successor and namesake in the Navy List. She was laid down at Sheerness on January 1, 1898, and launched within the year. Directly after her trials, she was ordered to prepare for service on the Pacific station. On November 1, 1900, Commander Clifton Selater hoisted his pennant on board her at Chatham. The ship's complement was 130, and included Lieutenants J. B. Mason, Hay Winthrop, and H. V. T. Procter, Surgeon T. S. Hartley, Assistant Paymaster W. H. Franklin, Gunner A. D. A. Burns, and Artificer-Engineer G. J. Ditton. The *Condor* left Esquimalt on December 2 last, and was due on the 15th of that month at Honolulu, but was never heard of again. H.M.S. *Phaeton* and H.M.S. *Egeria* were sent in search, but were unsuccessful in finding any trace of her. Sir Charles Cameron, father-in-law of Commander Clifton Selater, has lately returned from Esquimalt, whither he went to make inquiries on the spot with regard to the vessel and to bring home his daughter, Mrs. Clifton Selater, with whom great sympathy is felt, as she had only been married a very short time before Commander Clifton Selater sailed.

Commander Clifton Selater attained his rank in December, 1896, having won the Beaufort testimonial in 1881, and having been specially promoted to be lieutenant for his services during the Egyptian war of 1882, when, as sub-lieutenant, he was present at the bombardment of Alexandria, in command of the *Cygnets*. He was also, as torpedo-lieutenant of the *Boadicea*, in command of the field guns in the Naval Brigade landed in 1890 to punish the Sultan of Witu. Commander Selater entered the Navy as a cadet on January 15, 1874, and became a midshipman on December 17, 1875. In 1885 he divided the 80th Torpedo Prize at the Royal Naval College with Lieutenant Briggs.

Lieutenant James Bowhill Mason entered the Navy in January, 1886, and reached the rank of lieutenant in June, 1890. He too had only just been married. Lieutenant Hay Winthrop joined the Navy in July, 1890, and gained his lieutenantcy in December, 1898. Lieutenant H. V. T. Procter, who had only recently been promoted to be lieutenant, joined the Navy in January, 1893.

The portrait of Commander Clifton Selater is by Lafayette, New Bond Street, that of Lieutenant Mason by G. West and Sons, Southsea, that of Lieutenant Hay Winthrop by Martin Jaccotte, South Kensington, and that of Lieutenant H. V. T. Procter by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Music Notes

THERE is good reason to expect that M. Jean de Reszké will be in England during at any rate the height of the coming season, and in that case he will almost assuredly sing at Covent Garden. Indeed, it is said that for him, at the suggestion of the King, will be revived at the Gala performance the Coronation Scene from *Le Prophète*. For the Gala, also, the arrangements for Dr. Elgar's Coronation "Ode" are now complete. The Ode is, as we understand, a comparatively short work, lasting less than half an hour. It contains one soprano solo, which will be sung by Madame Melba, while the choruses will be entrusted to 160 picked voices from the Sheffield Musical Festival chorus. This is now the premier choir of Yorkshire, thanks, no doubt, in a great extent to the admirable manner in which it has been trained by Dr. Coward. The engagement will fulfil the King's wish that the Ode shall be sung exclusively by subjects of His Majesty.

Among the interesting operatic events of the past week was the stage *début* of the well-known concert vocalist, Madame Blanche

Marchesi. She had already, we believe, sung on the Continent, and early last week she made a sort of experimental appearance in Liverpool as Leonora in Verdi's *Il Trovatore*. At the Brixton Theatre, on Friday night, she made her suburban *début* as Santuzza in *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Her stage presence is, perhaps, too massive and commanding for the character of this half-starved Neapolitan heroine; but she sang the music very finely, and acted in powerful fashion.

The Carl Rosa Company have, during the past week at Brighton, adopted the now very old idea of a *plébiscite*, voting papers being distributed to the audience, in order that they might disclose the work they like best. The result shows that the managers of the various provincial travelling companies have really chosen as their most frequently performed works, the most popular items of the operatic repertory. For *Tannhäuser* came out first with 851 votes, followed by *Faust* with 743, and *Lohengrin* with 710. These were easily first. *Carmen*, which at one time held the lead, now had only 307 votes, and *Trovatore*, 211. Curiously enough, the old English ballad operas seem, at any rate at Brighton, to be but little thought of, for the *Bohemian Girl* had only 38, and *Maritana* 29 votes. At one time these were the operas chiefly relied upon by travelling companies. *Tristan und Isolde*, only had 12 votes, and *Siegfried*, 10, while Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Beauty Stone*, which never was any great favourite with the general public, secured 4 votes.

At the London Ballad Concert at Queen's Hall on Saturday, Madame Clara Butt and several other well-known vocalists were heard in a programme which was largely devoted to old or traditional songs, while two new tenor love songs by Mr. Liddle were successfully introduced by Mr. Thomas Thomas. Among the other concerts of the week may be mentioned a performance of *The Redemption* at the Foundling Hospital.

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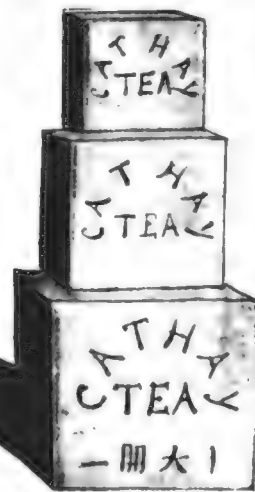
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the Goerz Anschutz Folding Camera very highly, if not actually placing it in the premier position, for the instrument has every desirable quality in its favour. Its lightness, compactness, the fact that it can be used with either plates, cut films, or daylight loading cartridges, must commend it to everyone using a camera for pleasure; while the excellence of its results convinces the most serious of workers that these features have not been obtained by any sacrifice of efficiency. The catalogue, although, of course, intended to illustrate the capabilities of this well-known camera, is nevertheless of extreme interest to every reader of THE GRAPHIC, since it shows, in a most striking manner, the possibilities of modern photography. It is well worthy of more than a passing perusal. It may be obtained, if THE GRAPHIC is mentioned (and 4d. postage sent) of C. P. GOERZ'S West End Agents, The London Stereoscopic Company, 106-108, Regent Street, W., or from C. P. GOERZ, 4-5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.



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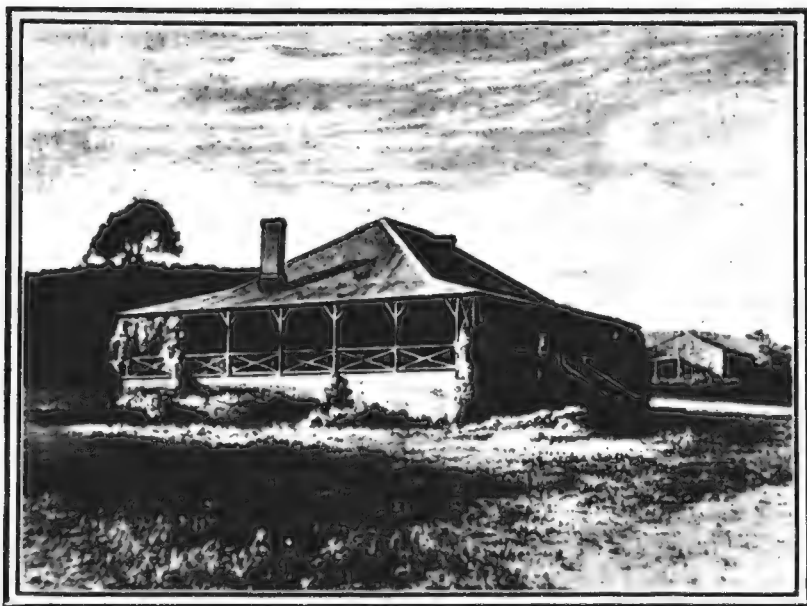
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"The View of the World"

THE site chosen by Mr. Cecil Rhodes for the burial ground of South Africa's greatest men is one of the wildest and most romantic spots that could well be imagined. The mountain he has selected lies some thirty miles from Bulawayo, and the solitude of the place is not even broken by a hut or native kraal. At a short distance from Westacre, Mr. Rhodes's farm in the Matoppos, a rough sign-board marked "To 'The World's View,'" points along a desolate track through scrub and rock, to the clean-cut, yet distant, Matoppos Hills. This track leads into the rocky fastnesses which seem to be the work of giant masons, the huge stones being built up in fantastic shapes and bold masses. At the foot of one of the highest of these rugged hills is a clear spring of pure water fringed with blue waterlilies and overshadowed

by trees. The only sound that breaks the stillness is the barking of baboons as they rush and scramble after each other over the rocks on the skyline. About an hour's climb from the spring, first among curious trees and flowering shrubs and then over bare sunburnt rocks of slippery smoothness, brings the traveller to the scene that charmed Mr. Rhodes in life, and where he wished to be laid to rest.

Mr. Rhodes's farm of "Westacre," on the outskirts of the Matoppos, lies some eighteen miles from Bulawayo, and has been used for experimental purposes, its usefulness having been increased by the construction of a great dam at vast expense. The farm lies in an undulating plain, with the long line of rugged Matoppos Hills closing in the horizon. Gardens and arable land are cultivated. Angora sheep, stock, and ostriches are kept. The dwelling is a collection of huts on a small kopje, built in native style.

Mr. Rhodes's farm at Inyanga is less known, even to travellers in Rhodesia, than the one in the Matoppos, as it can only be reached by a very rough drive of some seventy miles from Umtali on the Salisbury and Beira line of railway. It lies in a hilly country unvisited by mining prospectors. Although only 18 deg. south of the equator the climate is cool and invigorating, as it is 7,000 feet above the sea. This has always been an agricultural country, and there are signs of an extinct civilisation. Curious stone-cased pits, and terraced hill-sides are witnesses to the occupation of some former race, now unknown and forgotten. The land is rich and fertile, and splendid crops have been raised on Mr. Rhodes's experimental farm, and fruits of many kinds flourish. The house is a small substantial stone building. Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Evelyn Cecil, M.P.

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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

INQUIRIES made of farmers in different parts of the country elicit the somewhat disquieting information that the springs are lower than they have been for many years. The position is really serious in Essex, Hertford, and Bedford, and is not at all satisfactory in Wiltshire and Dorset. The total rainfall since April came in has been very moderate, for the downfall of the first few days has been followed by a dry easterly spell of cold, with severe successive night frosts. On the 11th snow fell as far south as Portsmouth, and the Scotch mountains are covered with a white mantle from the summits down to an unusually low point on the slopes. The drying winds have enabled farmers to complete their spring sowings at an early date; in fact, we scarcely remember a year when so large an area of barley, oats, and pulse has been sown before mid-April. Against this good news we have the fact that the bleak winds by day and bitter frosty nights have been injurious to the young lambs, and that the growing wheat has gone off to an unpleasant grey colour, suggestive of poor plant health. The meadows have also a very poor aspect. The cuckoo was both seen and heard on the 6th in Worcestershire, and the blackcap was seen the same day at

Keynsham, near Bristol. But the spring birds are late this year for the most part.

THE OPEN SPACE

The demand put forward by a prominent Liberal monthly that "the land in the vicinity of the towns which was confiscated by landowners from 1760 to 1820 should be reconsecrated for the benefit of our swarming urban populations" is in interesting contrast with the proposal of the Liberal County Council (as we should call it) of Paris, which is endeavouring to put a special tax on all gardens and privately owned open spaces within the fortifications. The French Liberal sees the towering "model dwellings" with horror, appreciates the daily toil of six or seven flights of stairs, and thinks it monstrous that some "aristo" hard by should keep as a garden for his pleasure an area on which fifty cosy small houses could be built. The English Liberal, at least so far as he is represented by the above quotation, would pull down thousands of houses so that the poor could sit about and their children play about in the open air. A Conservative is a Conservative all the world over, but of what idea can we say with security that it is the authentic Liberal view? The open spaces, in our opinion, should be protected rather than taxed, but it is greatly to be wished that good-hearted men wishing to alleviate the hardships of poverty and the curse of overcrowding would confer, would vote, and having come to a decision stick to it as a definite policy.

THE DALHAM ESTATE

The estate which Cecil Rhodes acquired a year ago, and destined for the family seat, is situated a few miles east of Newmarket and west of Bury St. Edmunds on the southern slope of a range of hills. The views towards the low country watered by the Stour are extensive and opulent in expanse of corn and rich meadowland. A dozen miles to the south may be discerned the little town of Clare, the smallest place assuredly that ever gave its name to a Royal dukedom, for it is from this place that the name of Clarence is derived.

THE LAND AND THE LOAFER

With the wish of Mr. Rhodes that his land should never nourish a mere loafer all manly people sympathise, but it is being asked how can the will of the great statesman prevent a tenant in possession barring the entail and giving his successor an absolute seizin of the land? The law is very jealous of perpetuities, even for a good purpose. The objection taken that a man may qualify for some calling and then, if he has money, loaf, is not so serious, though it has been much more widely expressed. Mr. Rhodes would not have called a non-practising barrister a loafer, or a clergyman who held no benefice. To use Lord Rosebery's word, the qualified man is an efficient person; he can be fitted into his place if needed. The colonies, as Mr. Rhodes knew too well, are cursed with the men who failed to qualify in the Old Country for any honourable career.

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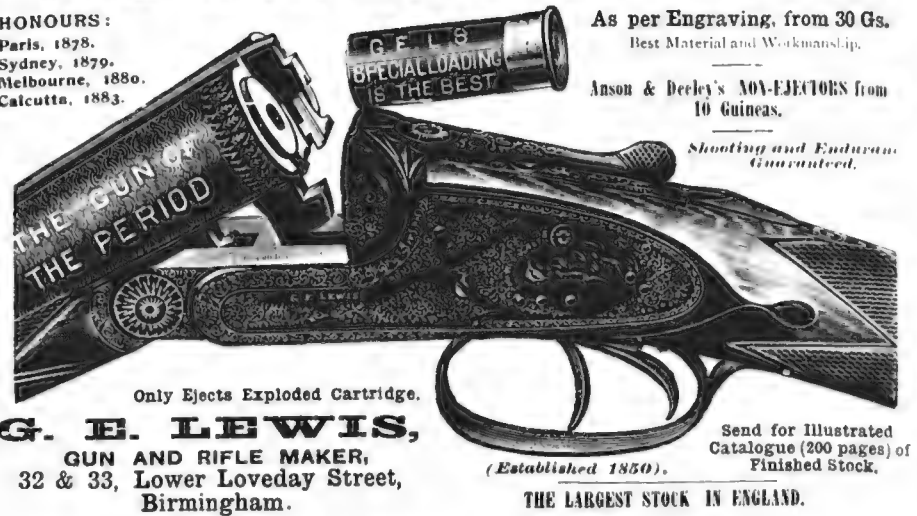
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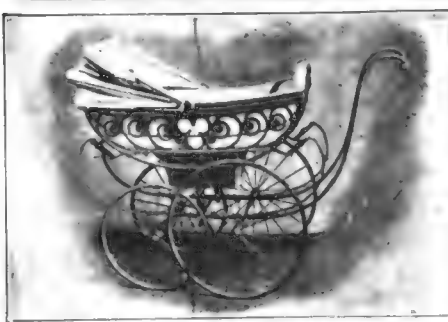
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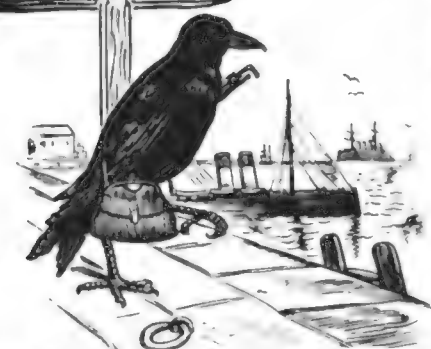
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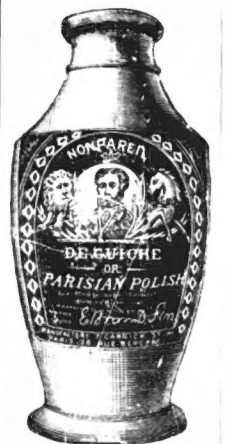
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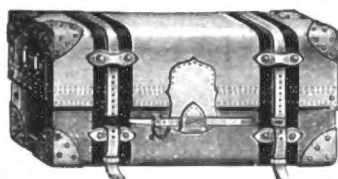
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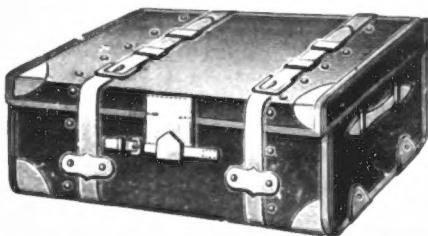
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30-in.	35-in.	36-in.
59/9	67/9	75/6

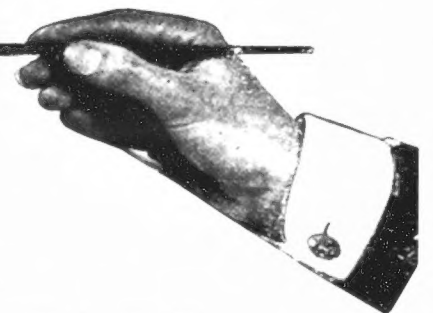


Nut-Brown Cowhide, Wide Straps round,
Nickel Clips and Shoes. Extra Leather
Shoes at Bottom.

20-in.	22-in.	24-in.	26-in.
21/-	22/9	24/6	26/6

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